Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1899.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT.

INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH, SHOWING SHAKESPEARE'S BUST AND GRAVE.

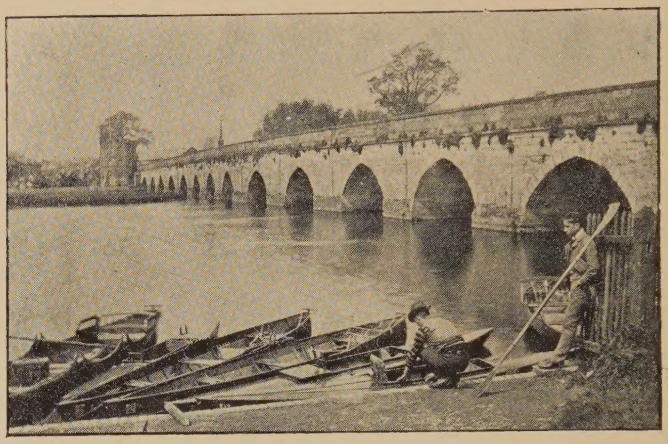
The town of Stratford-on-Avon,

"Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,
Where his last accents faltered on his tongue,"

is a sacred shrine to which thousands of pilgrims from all lands find their way to pay reverence at the tomb of the greatest poet of all time. There are but few of the buildings left in their original state. Most of them have either been torn away or changed to suit modern ideas. The Avon, which flows quietly past on its way to join the Severn, is crossed by two fine bridges. The first is of cut stone, with fourteen arches, and was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the reign of Henry VII. The second is a brick structure, and has nine arches—date 1826.

We first turn to the old house on Henley Street where the myriad-minded Shakespeare was born. It is a half-timbered building, so common in those days, and is by no means attractive. Washington Irving describes it as a "small, mean edifice of wood and plaster, a true resting-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners." We do not see it to-day as he saw it, a tumble-down old tenement, which had been mutilated again and again by careless repairs, for it has been carefully restored to something like its original condition.

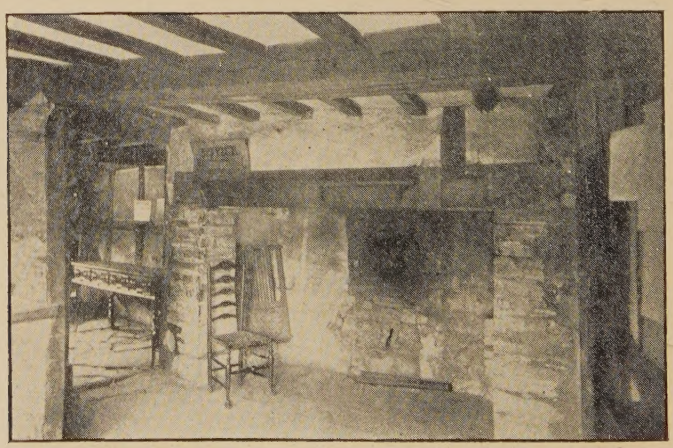
It was difficult to realize that this house and others around me were standing here before the country from which I came was



CHOPTON BRIDGE.

known, before Jacques Cartier first set foot on Canadian soil, and before the pilgrims landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth; in fact, when this whole continent was a vast unknown wilderness and the home of Indians and wild beasts. Even England itself, in many respects, has changed almost as much during these more than three hundred years.

This old house, with its steep roof and gables, narrow casemented windows with their diamond panes, was the dwelling of a substantial trading yeoman, high bailiff—mayor—of the town, and his wife was a granddaughter of Sir John Arden. Here the son, who in the time to come was to cast a halo of glory around it, played at its door. Shakespeare inherited it from his father, and left it to his daughter Susan. After her death the property was sold and fell on evil times, and was made into two tenements. One became a public-house and the other a butcher shop. It was in the latter that the poet was born. Neither the owner nor his tenants took any interest in it, so it gradu-



THE LIVING-ROOM, SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-ROOM.

ally fell into decay, and had it not been for a few thoughtful friends who raised money by subscription and purchased it, it would have disappeared by this time altogether. Fortunately, it was saved, and is now, with the rest of the original property, owned by the nation, and will be properly cared for.

Let us enter. The first door admits us into a dimly-lighted but fair-sized apartment, the kitchen or living-room, with walls of plaster and stout oak beams black with age. The floor is paved with various-sized stones, which have never been changed, and are worn by the daily tread of feet which have come and gone for more than three centuries. The room contains a large fireplace, with the ingle-nook so common in old houses, and always a favourite seat in cold weather. As I looked around at the rough, ungarnished walls, the low ceiling, with its rude beams, the uneven stone-paved floor, I could not help thinking what a miserable setting for so rich a gem it was.

The next room is reached by a

PARISH CHURCH, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

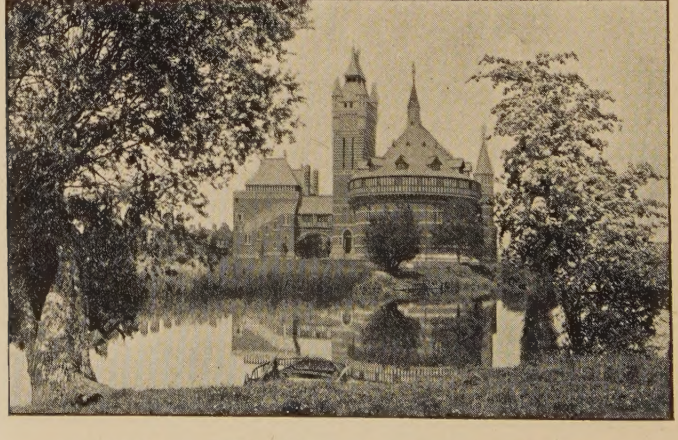
HOLBROOK LIBRARY
PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

OLD GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.

raised step. It was the best kitchen or sitting-room, and it also has a stone floor, timbered ceiling and fireplace of ancient construction, with a large beam across the opening. A book is here provided in which

> "Year after year each stranger leaves his name
> In homage to the immortal Shakespeare's fame;
> Long as his verse in the world's heart shall live
> Shall the world's hand this humble tribute give."

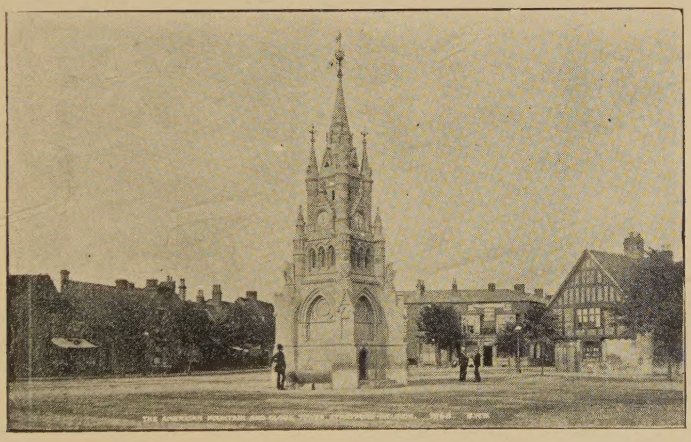
Now, by ascending a narrow flight of steps, we enter the room in which Shakespeare was born. The ceiling is low, as is usually the case with houses of this date, and we must confess, as we look "upon this picture," it is by no means inviting; but if we could see the other, as it appeared on this auspicious event, it would wear a much more pleasing aspect. This apartment, in the sixteenth century, hung with painted cloths and appropriately furnished, would not have induced that idea of discomfort which now pervades it. The



SHAKESPEARE S MEMORIAL BUILDING, FROM THE RIVER.

few chairs, a little table on which is placed a bust, and a quaint old bureau, though venerable, formed no part of the original plenishing. The ceiling and walls are covered with graffiti, where plebeian and peer, mediocrity and genius shoulder one another. On the window may be traced the autograph of Sir Walter Scott.

From this I turn my steps to the Holy Trinity, or parish church, as it is called. Passing up an avenue of noble old limes, which leads to the church porch, along which the poet most likely passed to worship, and whose quivering shadows may



FOUNTAIN AND CLOCK-TOWER.

one sad day have fallen upon his coffin, but before reaching the entrance door, we come to a path which leads to the river. Let us take it, for there is no part of God's-acre more beautiful, and in which more than any other we may think of him, for it is one which can hardly have failed to tempt him to musing. On one side rises the church—spire, transepts and chancel, grouping themselves afresh at every step through the leafy openings of overarching boughs, the branches of bright green foliage contrasting with the grey old stones, worn and defaced by the storms of centuries. The Avon bounds the churchyard, and by its bank is a terraced walk beneath a row of magnificent old elms. Beneath the terrace wall the clear water of the Avon went murmuring on its way. Beyond, a broad green meadow, waving lazily in the afternoon sun, crowds down to its opposite brink, where the sedgy margin is gently laved by the passing stream, and around me—

> "Beneath those rugged elms, . .
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound,"

has reposed for ages the dust of men and women who have walked about and admired the scene upon which I am now looking.

Entering the church we pass up the aisle to the chancel, where, on the northern side, is William Shakespeare's grave, covered by a plain flag-stone. There is no name inscribed upon it, but these well-known lines are found there :

> "Good frend, for Jesus sake forbeare
> To digg the dust encloased heare ;
> Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
> And curst be he yt moves my bones."

On his right hand is Anne Hathaway, his wife; on his left, his favourite daughter, Susanna Hall.

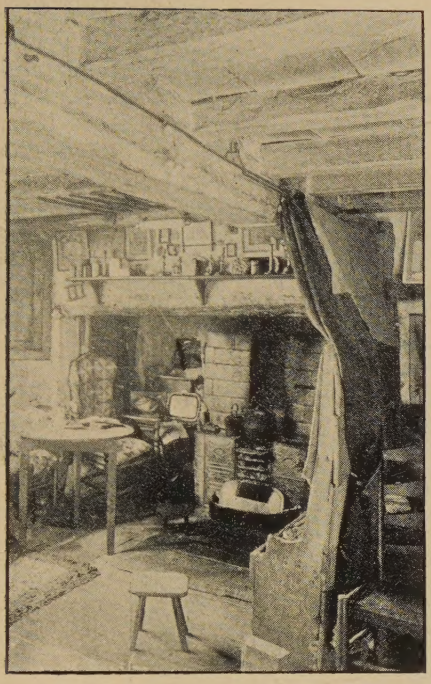
Farther on is the grave of her husband, Dr. Hall, and that of Thomas Nashe, who married Elizabeth, only child of Dr. Hall. On the north wall, within the communion railing, is the coloured monumental effigy so well known to every lover of his works. The bard is represented in the attitude of inspiration, with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left resting on a scroll. After examining these memorials we enter the vestry, where we are shown the old book or register commencing 1558. In it is the following entry : " 1564, April 26, Gulielmus Filius Johannes Shakespeare."

On Sunday I attended both morning and evening service in the parish church, but I am afraid that on both occasions my mind was less occupied with spiritual matters than with thoughts of the great man who was baptized here in infancy, who worshipped here, and who now sleeps peacefully in the north chancel.

The next place connected with Shakespeare we sought was New Place, on Chapel Street, where he lived and where he died, 1616. All this is to be seen now in an enclosed square, prettily laid out, and well kept and planted with trees and shrubs. The dimensions of New Place can be readily traced by means of the foundations by the side of the present house, the remains of three or four rooms being still visible.

New Place was also bequeathed to his daughter Susanna—Mrs. Hall. The house remained, though it had been altered, till the middle of last century, when, after the death of Sir Hugh Clopton, by whom it was carefully preserved, it was purchased by a clergyman—one Francis Gastrel, who, judging from his conduct, was not much of an ornament to his cloth. The first thing this vandal did was to cut down and convert into firewood a fine mulberry tree in the garden—where the present one stands—which had been planted by Shakespeare himself. Three years later he had a quarrel with the authorities in Stratford, about the poor rates levied on the house, which he said were too high, and declared he would take care that it should never be assessed again. Accordingly, he razed the house

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY.



INTERIOR ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

to the ground in the year 1759. It is satisfactory to learn that this act of barbarism and petty spite did not go unpunished, for he was obliged to skulk away in the night to avoid the outburst of popular indignation.

The old grammar school is an antique structure, with its second story projecting over the sidewalk. It is made more interesting to us from the fact that here Shakespeare is supposed to have finished his education, and where Ben Jonson says he learnt "little Latin and less Greek."

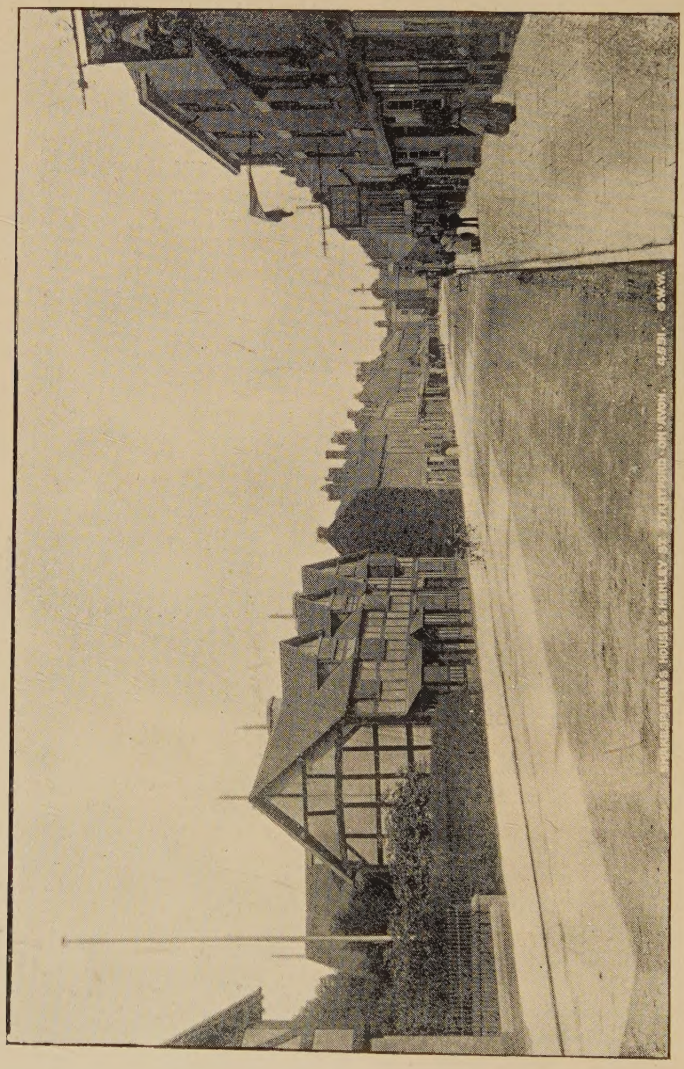
The Shakespeare Memorial Building is another of the sights of Stratford that should not be missed. It is erected on the banks of the Avon, and is a singularly picturesque and stately edifice, comprising library, picture-gallery, theatre, and centre tower, all of which are open to the public. The first stone of the memorial was laid April 23rd, 1877—the poet's birthday. The library contains a large collection of books, mostly of various editions of Shakespeare's works. On the walls of the picture-gallery are shown many choice works of art, and nearly all are Shakespearean.

In the centre of the market-place there is a very beautiful marble fountain with a clock, presented to the town in memory of Shakespeare, by the late Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Everything in and around Stratford is associated with Shakespeare. It is that which gives it interest and value, the magnet which draws its numberless pilgrims, and, as we have intimated before, it is the capital on which the place lives, and if this were withdrawn it would soon become bankrupt.

No one would think of leaving Stratford before paying a visit to Shottery—a little unattractive vil-

AVENUE TO MAIN ENTRANCE PARISH CHURCH.

lage a mile away. Here is to be seen a house of rude construction, covered with a heavy moss-grown thatch, storm-beaten and grey with age, and almost hidden in a growth of luxuriant vegetation.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, HENLEY STREET.

This is known as "Anne Hathaway's cottage," and it was here that Shakespeare wooed and won his wife. We push open the rude gate at the corner of the cottage and pass on to the door, which admits into the kitchen, or living-room. It is a good-sized apartment, with an ample hearth and roomy chimney-corner, in which I sat and chatted with the old lady, Mrs. Barker, who is in charge. She is a tall, slim lady—approaching eighty, I should think—active, with a kindly face and pleasant voice. She informed me that she was the last lineal descendant of Anne Hathaway's family, and

naturally took much interest in the place and everything connected with it. While I listened to and enjoyed the old lady's gossip, I could not help thinking of the boy-lover who had sought his fair enchantress here, and with all the ardour of a Romeo pleaded his cause with Anne Hathaway. Where this love-stricken youth of nineteen summers was married to his betrothed of six-and-twenty is not known, but it is supposed the ceremony took place at Laddington church, about two miles distant.

On an old table in the room is a book in which visitors register their names, and where Mrs. Barker pointed out autographs of men and women of world-wide reputation.

Charlecote is a grand old palatial home, where dwelt the redoubtable Sir Thomas Lucy, whose deer, tradition says, young "Shakespeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, killed," which so incensed the old knight that he had him arrested, and to escape further trouble he fled to London. If the story be true, the world is indebted to the knight's determination to "make a star-chamber matter of it," as it has thus gained a Shakespeare and a Justice Shallow.

THE VOICE ON THE WATERS.

BY X.

O strong White Race of sinewy grip! Race of the dauntless eye!
Sifted of God from the nations, filling his purposes high:
There's a Voice for thee on the waters, a Cry from the restless sea
Of multitudinous peoples, of centuries yet to be—
A Voice like that at Haran, calling the elect from his own,
Out to a limitless future, out to the great Unknown.

To what were ye called, O people! ye people of boundless gain?
To dig the gold from your Klondikes? to reap your harvests of grain?
To sup at Circean banquets?—deaf to Destiny's knell—
Doomed at last for your cowardice, thrust from heaven to hell?
Arise, ye Sons of Freedom! Enlarge sweet Liberty's zone,
Hail the isles ye bled for, and claim them as your own!

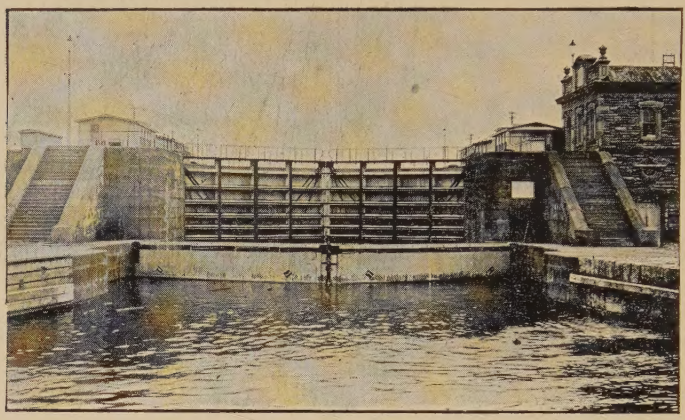
Dread not the ghosts of the future, phantoms of craven fear:
The God of the Sons is there, as the God of the Fathers is here;
Let others start at spectres, victims of hoary crime,
Thronging the bar of Judgment to right the wrongs of Time:
Thy hands are white, Columbia; nor on thy brow the stain
Of murdered brother's blood, the indelible brand of Cain.

O strong White Race of the Open Book, the Race with Christ in its brain!
Take up the White Man's burden, ease the Black Man's pain;
Open the eyes of the blind to the rosy light of the morn,
Plant the balsam and myrtle where only flourished the thorn.
Messiah of Nations! Redeemer of Empires to be!
Heal the wounds of the Ages, the hope of the world is with thee!

There's a Voice for thee on the waters, a Cry from the far-off sea
Of multitudinous peoples, of centuries yet to be:
A Voice like that at Haran, calling the chosen away,
Out to a brighter future, out to a larger day.

—*Christian Advocate.*

STEAM COMMERCE OF THE GREAT LAKES.*



SAULT STE. MARIE LOCK AND POWER-HOUSE.

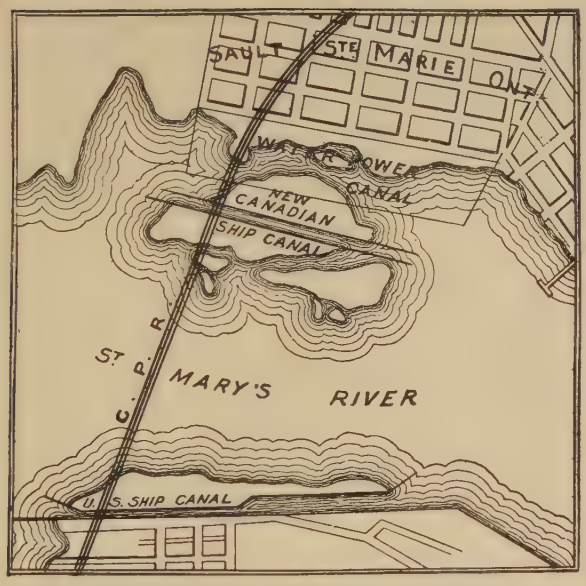
During the last quarter of a century the commerce of the Great Lakes—the United States commerce especially—has grown with a rapidity almost exceeding belief. It has become enormous ! At the present time it is stated on competent authority that the steam tonnage of these inland seas largely exceeds the combined tonnage of this character in all other parts of the United States put together. Not to speak of the vast amount of shipping employed in the iron, the coal, and the lumber trade, the Lake Superior grain and flour shipments for 1896 were 121,750,000 bushels. The Lake Michigan grain and flour shipments for the same year were 273,820,000 bushels, together making 395,570,000 bushels of grain and flour shipped in one year from these two quarters ! It is difficult to realize the magnitude of such a statement.

Mr. Keep, in his report for 1890, puts it strikingly when he says : "If the freight carried on the Great Lakes in the United States coastwise and foreign trade during the year 1890 were loaded into railway cars of average size and capacity, the cars so loaded would cover 13,466 miles of railroad track."

The Commissioners appointed by the Canadian Government to meet with a similar committee appointed by the United States Government to consider the subject of international and deeper waterways, preface their report by alluding to the commerce of the Great Lakes in these terms : "It is impossible to convey, within reasonable space, an adequate idea of the extraordinary development of inland water transportation on the Upper Lakes —which for rapidity, extent, economy and efficiency has no counterpart even on the ocean. More than half of the best steamships of the United States are imprisoned

* One of the most interesting and instructive of recent books is that on "Steam Navigation and its Relation to the Commerce of Canada and the United States," by James Croil, Montreal.—William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto. Few persons are aware of the prominence of Canada as the pioneer in ocean steam navigation. This book has 97 illustrations, including twenty-five portraits. We abridge a part of the chapter on Steam Commerce on the Great Lakes.—Ed.

above Niagara Falls, and more than half of the tonnage built in the United States in 1896 was launched upon the lakes." This inland water commerce has built up twelve cities on the southern shores above Niagara, five of which have over 200,000 population, and one of them over a million. Within these limits there are twenty-seven dry docks, the largest of which is on Lake Superior and is five hundred and sixty feet long, fifty feet wide, and eighteen feet depth of water. There



PLAN SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE SHIP CANALS.

are sixty-three life-saving stations upon these lakes, ten of which are Canadian.

Up to a comparatively recent date the bulk of the lakes commerce was done by sailing vessels. Every town of any importance had its little fleet of schooners. As time went on, the vessels increased in size, and eventually a very fine class of three-masted schooners, with some brigs, barquentines, and even full-rigged barques, were employed in the carrying trade. A few of these clipper schooners may still be met with, but they are rapidly being supplanted by iron and steel steamships of great size, with triple expansion engines, a speed of from fourteen to sixteen miles an hour, and a carrying capacity of 120,000 to 125,000 bushels of grain. These, and many others like them, were accounted "queens" a few years ago; they are fine ships still, but there are much larger and finer than they now.

The James Watt, the first of the Rockefeller fleet, and the largest steamship on the lakes, is over four hundred and twenty-six feet long. She cost $260,000, and will carry from 4,000 to 6,000 tons of ore, according as she is trimmed to draw fourteen or eighteen feet of water.

Many of the large steamers take a number of barges in tow, and in this way enormous quantities of grain are sometimes moved by a single shipment. The Appomattox, with three consorts in tow, recently left Duluth with a cargo of 482,000 bushels, or 14,460 tons of wheat. Assuming the average yield of that cereal to be twenty bushels to the acre, this single shipment represented the produce of 24,100 acres!

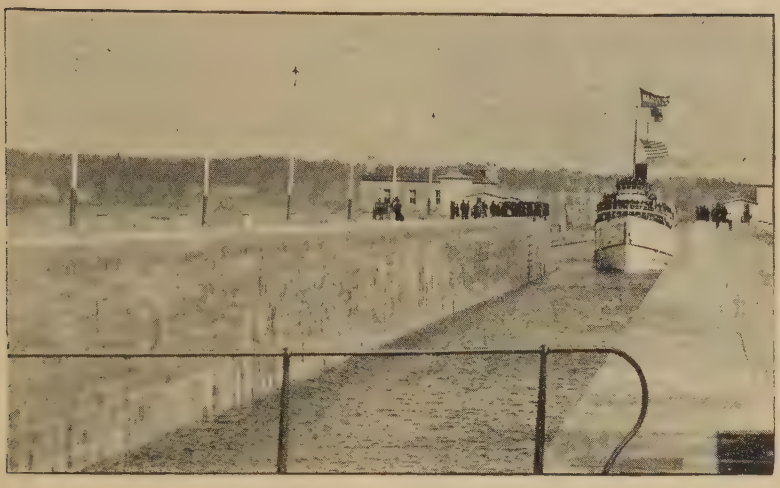
The Northern Steamship Company, of Buffalo, has perhaps the finest fleet of steamers on the Great Lakes, consisting of eight steamships. Six of these are steel freight and emigrant ships of 2,500 tons each. The other two, the North-West and the North-Land, are exclusively passenger ships, up-to-date in every respect. Luxurious accommodation is provided

WEST END APPROACH, SHIP CANAL, BEFORE COMPLETION.

for five hundred first-class and forty second-class passengers. Nearly twenty-six miles of electric wire are used in conducting the subtle fluid for 1,200 lights. The electric search-light has one hundred thousand candle-power. The route of these twin ships is from Buffalo to Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, a distance of 1,065 miles, each of them making the round trip in a week.

It helps one to realize the immensity of the lakes' traffic to learn that the number of vessels that cleared from the district of Chicago in 1893 was 8,789, with a gross tonnage of 5,449,470 tons—actually a larger tonnage than cleared from the port of Liverpool in 1892. It is estimated by competent experts to be three times greater than the foreign trade of the port of New York, and to exceed the aggregate foreign trade of all the seaports of the United States by 10,000,000 tons !

To accommodate the vast volume of traffic emanating from Lake Superior ports, magnificent canals have been constructed on either side of the St. Mary River, which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron. These works, the most remarkable of their kind in existence, have reached their present dimensions by a succession of enlargements and a large outlay of money. The first canal on the western or American side of the river was constructed by a joint stock company formed in 1853, who undertook to construct it for the State of Michigan upon receiving therefor a grant of 750,000 acres of land. The work was completed in 1855, and from that date the commerce of Lake Superior may be said to have had any appreciable existence. The opening of the canal was, as it were, the opening of a sluice-gate through which a flood of commerce was soon to roll.



STEAMER ENTERING THE LOCK.

The first canal cost about $1,000,000. It was a little over a mile in length. Its width at the water line was one hundred feet, and its depth twelve feet. There were two locks, each three hundred and fifty feet long and seventy feet wide. The growth of traffic and the increase in the size of the lake vessels soon rendered it apparent that the canal must be enlarged. In 1870 the United States Government made its first appropriation for deepening the canal to sixteen feet and increasing its lockage. A new lock was built, five hundred and fifty feet in length by eighty feet in width, and eighteen feet lift, at a cost of $2,404,124.33. The work was completed in 1881. Its opening was followed by an enormous increase of commerce—so much so that it soon became quite inadequate to the traffic. A still further enlargement was decided upon, and was completed in 1896, at a cost of about $5,000,000. The new lock occupies the site of the two old locks of 1855, and is eight hundred feet long, one hundred

SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS—FISHING.

feet wide, and has twenty-one feet depth of water on the sill. It is officially known as the St. Mary's Falls Canal.

So long ago as the close of last century the North-west Fur Company had constructed a rude canal on the Canadian side, with locks, adapted for the passage of loaded canoes without breaking bulk. Though late of construction, a ship canal had long been in contemplation by the Canadian Government, and the time came when, owing to the increase of traffic, it could no longer be delayed. This great work was completed and opened for traffic on September 9th, 1895, at a cost of some $3,500,000. The Canadian lock is nine hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, twenty feet three inches depth of water on the sill, and eighteen feet lift, affording room for three large vessels at one time. The length of the canal proper, between the extreme ends of the entrance piers, is only 5,967 feet, but including the excavated channels of approach it is about 18,100 feet. The American canal is a little over a mile in length. The locks of both are unsurpassed for their size and solidity, as well as for the completeness of their mechanical appliances.

GAINS AND LOSSES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Come the hours when we sit in the shadow
That falls like the droop of a wing
O'er the nest that is naked and empty,
When the fledgelings have learned how to sing.
Then woe is the heart for the old time,
The time that was busy and gay,
With the world and its clamour about us,
And we in the midst of the fray.

In the shadow we count up our losses;
We creep where we marched with the best.
Oh! the ache when we try to walk softly,
The cry of our soul against rest.
And we grieve for the golden heads vanished;
Our children are women and men,
And wistful and deep is the yearning
To have them but children again.

And we fret o'er the fruitless endeavour,
The labour that satisfied not,
Till the shadow grows thicker and longer,
And the blur in our eyes is a blot
On the lingering splendour of sunshine
That taps with its lances of light
At the shut and barred door of our memory,
An afterglow radiant and bright.

Do we see nothing else but our losses,
We mourning there, fools and purblind,
With the crown and the kingdom before us,
The conflict and turmoil behind?
Shall the harvest lament for the seed-time,
The bud be more blithe than the leaf?
Is there joy when the plough breaks the furrow,
And none when the hand binds the sheaf?

Oh! wings that are folded and drooping,
Spring wide in the evening's uplift;
Reach out to the stars that are showing
The skies in a silvery rift.
No day of our days is so hallowed
As that when we see, just before,
The light in the house of our Father
Shine out through His half-open door.

OUR MILLION DOLLAR FUND.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

The proposition in different Churches to raise a Twentieth Century Thankgiving Fund for the firmer establishment and broader expansion of the Kingdom of Christ among men, is a bold and direct challenge to Christian intelligence, faith, loyalty and liberality; to our confidence in the past and our expectations for the future under the promises and providence of God. It looks to the reinforcement and multiplication of agencies, the removal of burdens, the quickening of the spirit of consecrated men and women, and the resistless march of aggressive evangelism. All this, of course, implies, first and last and always, the responsive heavens, mighty prayer and trust in God, and the abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. There must be revival; many souls must be quickened; multitudes converted; or the end will not be reached, the work will not be done.

All the Churches have set large figures for themselves; for the aim is high. Tension and growth are in view, not ease and contraction. Strain and conquest are the thought and purpose. The object is worthy,— and we should put on the pressure; the pressure of Divine power, holy achievement and spiritual conquest. It is more territory for Christ's empire; more soldiers of His army; more ships in His white-winged navy of beneficence; more towers and fortresses thundering against sin; better enginery and better disciplined battalions in the militant hosts of Almighty God. Chivalry and prowess, heroism and endurance, storm and siege, standard and battle shout, rout and victory, should be tame words in a conflict like that.

Our own project for the million dollars contemplates great things for Canadian Methodism. It is a great occasion; a great inspiration, a great opportunity, a great necessity, a great obligation, a great undertaking, a great education; and when wrought, a great achievement, and a great demonstration and power. Everything about it is great. If it fail, it will be a great failure, a great defeat and a great weakness and reproach. Now that we have put our hands to it, it means keenest activity of all needed kinds; intense, universal and persevering action.

A GREAT OCCASION.

The central idea, the purpose, the aim at a fitting time in the mature and propitious environment makes the occasion. The Queen's Jubilee celebration was a great occasion. So was the Chicago Columbian Exposition. The times are ripe. We reckon marches by centuries : The fifth century for the downfall of Rome, the fifteenth century for the discovery of America, the sixteenth century for the Protestant Reformation, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries for Bible Society and missions. What for the century on whose portals we stand ?

There are eras when times seem to drift and carry peoples and events in promiscuous, tumultuous flood. In better times great souls, great nations control events, cut the channels, direct the currents. Deliberate and heroic Christianity has now, by the

grace of God, foresight enough, moral force enough, spiritual power enough to lay itself out with an aggressive policy for decisive conquest. It must project itself into coming time. Drawn upon one hill, with embattled hosts of sin, darkness and the devil across the valley on opposing slopes, it must force the position, occupy the plain, and drive out the enemy from his ramparts and entrenchments. Shall we move out the engines of spiritual war, or is it a case of David with sling and stone to meet Goliath with shield and spear? Both. We must do our part, and trust in God for His part. Only after we have brought down our armies will God raise up the Gideons and the Davids. The occasion is upon us. We have the ministry, the press, the schools, the precious saving Gospel, the Spirit of God in the midst of His people. The world lieth in the arms of the wicked one. It is enough to set the soul on fire.

A GREAT INSPIRATION.

The heart of a noble man swells in response to a great movement. Courage rises to the occasion. Savagery turns a man in on himself with intensity; Christian benevolence begins to unfold him outward and upward with a divine nourishment and growth. Contracted, blind, hard and barren is selfishness. "The foolish heart is darkened; alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is theirs because of the blindness of the heart." No noble impulses stir the heathen, no grand conceptions broaden the vision. Indurated self, congested sin is their destruction. Hence any prompting to arise out of self, to seek the happiness of others, is ennobling, uplifting, inspiring.

The spirit of association with good men in a good work is a power in the Church of God. Let every man, woman, and child in Methodism fix the eye upon the strengthening of our stakes, the lengthening of our cords, the enlargement of our borders; the conversion of souls, the increase of our missions, the endowment of our colleges, the growth of our beneficiary funds, and the removal of debt from our church properties, and feel the flow and thrill of a grander life. Civilization is better than barbarism; a philanthropist than a miser; a patriot than a poltroon. In all the ascending scale of generous incentive, the Christly mind and sacrifice for the world's uplifting is the highest, purest, bravest, and strongest. This is the influence that must unite us in our Twentieth Century effort, and set us all aglow with a power divine. As in the blast of a furnace under the breathings of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer and faith, let the Church be all radiant with consecration and benevolence to the salvation of men and glory of God. The doors are open; let us enter in. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

As merchants seek open doors of commerce; as scientists seek fields of exploration; as manufacturers look for markets and agriculturists for fertile plains; as capitalists look for places of investment and labourers for remunerative work; so should Christian men, builders of the Church of God, promoters of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, try every avenue, and press along all lanes of possible extension to reach even unto the uttermost. As bankers guard their treasures, commanders hold the fort, and mountaineers protect the fastnesses and passes, so should we hold and strengthen what of good we have

as the base of operations on larger fields. This thanksgiving movement ought to enable us at once to establish and maintain, to conquer and possess. When the armies of the Lord of Hosts are moving in the same direction with one accord there is cheer and assurance of victory. Here also is a clearer evidence of the essential unity of the Church of God than thundering councils and visible Popes. Our Christ, the King, rallies and marshals his hosts. Let us fall into line. With the Methodisms of Britain and America, and other deploying divisions of Christianity's mighty forces, let us obey the Great Commander's clarion call, well defend our portion of the field, and with God's help put to rout the foes that face us. There must be personal, individual salvation, and there must, as well, be the momentum of the moral and spiritual power of the united Church of God. We do things as occasion requires, says the dictionary, as opportunity offers, or as necessity compels.

A GREAT NECESSITY.

Who will consider our missions, and say Nay? Who will consider our educational work, and say Nay? Who will regard our Aged Ministers' and Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Funds, and say Nay? Who will reflect upon the indebtedness on our churches and church property, interfering more or less with all our operations, and say Nay? Success in this movement is a subjective necessity to many contributors; it is a spiritual necessity to the membership of the body of Christ; it is an objective and connexional necessity to our beloved Zion.

First, it is a subjective necessity to many who may be justly expected to contribute. They must seize such opportunities, open their hearts and their hands to such orderings of divine providence, pour out their sympathies Godward and manward, lay themselves and their substance on the altar of consecration, or they become blind of mind, hard of heart, stiff of neck, proud and rebellious, and without repentance and obedience must perish eternally. They heap up riches and know not who shall gather them. They utterly fail of enjoying the soul and substance of their possessions who expend their accumulations only on themselves and on sensual and worldly pleasures. Very much many people, for their own spiritual growth and for their present and everlasting happiness, need just such an occasion and opportunity, that they may associate themselves with the hearts that are moved to benevolence and the hands that are lifted for helpfulness, and ennoble and refine themselves thereby. The claim of God is on them, and cannot be disregarded with impunity, and without serious loss and disadvantage. There is a terrible woe to rich men who heed not how they get and use their wealth.

Further, it is a necessity for the Church as a body in its relation to spiritual power, to revival energy and success. Spiritual power is easily overborne of worldliness, which eateth as a canker. Spiritual power unites, masses, quickens, energizes the Church, and urges it on to action. Worldliness segregates, separates, corrupts, deadens the people of God. And worldliness is insidious; it is always crawling on and creeping in. The true friend of the Church of God, of the kingdom of Christ, will resist worldliness in all its aspects and fight it in all its forms. He will give himself heartily to every enterprise and every measure that withstand the maxims, mode, genius, and drift of the world, and keep up the spiritual tone in the body ecclesiastic. The promotion

of this Twentieth Century Fund movement with right motives gives the Church high vantage-ground and clear outlook. We ought to praise God for such a union of effort and lay hold with all the might.

And surely it is, objectively considered, a great Connexional necessity. Our institutions and operations need the funds. The world is so ordered, God hath so constituted and ordered it, that the Gospel of Christ will not go to the nations without consecrated money. Nor will the base line, the home force, be sustained without consecrated money. Our Methodism has often been unhesitating, unsparing in its aggression, its building and establishing. This is the very nature of a true evangelism. We must obtain, we must conquer, we must hold, we must advance. Like the Sirdar, forcing his way up the Nile to empire, we must press on. To stop is defeat and death. No wonder we are in debt in some places. It were better had the liberality of the people kept the supply ahead of the demand. It were better had wiser management avoided unnecessary entanglements and embarrassments. But we must take things as they are, and do better; better, every way; more careful management, more copious liberality.

This thanksgiving fund is our chance. More resources, more heedful of the lessons of experience. What achievement were our Missionary Society put beyond the compulsion to borrow money and pay interest! Were our colleges saved from debt and better endowed! Were better provision made for aged ministers, and the widows and orphans of ministers! Were we so relieved of church debts that we could apply ourselves more to Hospital Work, to the expansion of Deaconess Work, to City Mission Work, to such arrangements and institutions in congested populations as would counteract the saloon and the gambling den, and draw the youth into pure and more elevating association. A little money in some such cases will do a glorious work. It does not take much money to erect a chapel, or schoolhouse in China or Japan, or on some of our Indian missions. The maintenance of a missionary or teacher on some such fields is what some good farmer or merchant might set himself about, and be mightily lifting the world near Christ. The awful perdition of men in darkness summons to action.

A GREAT OBLIGATION.

All this, and God and man, and the moral possibilities and destinies of the human race lay on us the solemnest and most imperative of duties. We are put in possession of the Gospel, made trustees of heaven's bounty in the saving efficacy of communicable grace. Freely we have received, freely must we give. And only by giving can we reap the benefit of receiving. All the past, all the present, all the future are upon us in a call like this; upon every minister and every member of the Church, upon every man, woman and child that is capable of a noble impulse and has come into the midst of the wealth and joy of this dispensation and the possessions of this generation. Duty, privilege, opportunity, necessity, inspiration, education, are all combined in this movement. It will be a grand training for nobler enterprise in the years to come. It strikes home to every individual with the directness and power of a personal claim.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

Most assuredly it is a great work. It will not be accomplished without much sacrifice and toil. There must be prayer, there must be la-

bour. There must be planning, and there must be execution of the plan. There must be the dash of the beginning, the perseverance and steadiness of the prosecution, and the patient and diligent continuance to the final consummation.

Ministers in all their relations, with all diligence and might, must give it attention, and urge on to success. Quarterly Official Boards and Trust Boards must lay hold of their opportunity and obligation with intelligence and vigour. They can help themselves; they can help the beneficiaries designated by the General Conference; they can help our Methodism at large; and they ought to cast earnestly about, and see how they best can do it. Sabbath-schools and Epworth Leagues should be aroused to alertness and earnestness in the matter; for the youth of to-day will soon have in hand the enterprises and responsibilities of the Church of God. People living alone, out of the way of ordinary Church organizations, thinking over matters in their own style, and doing things in their own peculiar way, must be touched of the influences of this movement, feel its stir, and respond to its call. Literature must increase our knowledge, the pulpit inflame our zeal, and the social means of grace increase the volume of the tidal uplift. The family altar must give its light and strength, and the closet of secret prayer honest investigation and mighty impulse.

There is work for every one, and for all together. There is duty for each man, woman, and child; and for every department of our Connexionalism. It is not an unfair test, or unjust weight and balance to apply at such a time to any Board or office, or organization or person. What are you worth now? What is your value to the Church of God and to the human race? The work is begun. The Conferences are responding enthusiastically. We put our faith in God, hope much in prayer, expect much of revival, claim much for gratitude to God and thanksgiving, and look confidently to generous deeds in holy pledges and solid cash.

MIDSUMMER.

O sweet and strange, what time gray morning steals
  Over the misty flats, and gently stirs
Bee-laden limes and pendulous abeles,
  To brush the dew-bespangled gossamers
  From meadow grasses and beneath black firs,
In limpid streamlets, or translucent lakes,
To bathe amid the heron-haunted brakes!

O sweet and sumptuous ever-welcome boon!
  Languid to lie on scented summer lawns
Fanned by faint breezes of the breathless noon;
  To watch the timorous and trooping fawns,
  Dappled like tenderest clouds in early dawns,
Forth from their ferny covert glide to drink
And cool lithe limbs beside the river's brink!

O strange and sad ere daylight disappears,
  To hear the creaking of the homeward wain,
Drawn by its yoke of tardy-pacing steers,
  'Neath honeysuckle hedge and tangled lane,
  To breathe faint scent of roses on the wane,
By cottage doors and watch the mellowing sky
Fade into saffron hues insensibly.

MISSION-LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY MRS. SARAH ROWELL WRIGHT,

Associate-Editor of the Missionary Outlook.

" The footprints of an elder race are here,
And memories of an heroic time,
And shadows of the old mysterious faiths,
So that the isle seems haunted, and strange sounds
Float on the wind through all its ruined depths.

" Ages have gone and creeds and dynasties,
And a new order reigns o'er all the earth,
Yet still the mighty Presence keeps the isle—
Awful, serene and grandly tranquil he,
With Isis watching—restless in her love."

No land, save Palestine, has so earned the right to be known as a land of sacred associations and holy memories as Egypt. Its history is so interwoven with Old and New Testament narration that for this reason, if no other, the story of mission life and work in Egypt should be invested with a peculiar interest. Yet, perhaps there is no missionary territory with which we are so unfamiliar.

We have no definite history of this land during the early ages. After the deluge it was peopled by the descendants of Ham, but the centuries which intervened between this and the time of Cyrus and his son Cambyses—when in agreement with the prophecies of Holy Scripture the line of Egyptian princes ceased—is involved in myth and fable.

Yet all the while the star of Egypt was attaining its ascendancy. Long before Abraham made his journey thither, Egypt was known as a land of bountiful harvests. Long before Cecrops founded Athens, Egypt could boast of her great cities with their stately temples and luxurious homes, their public baths and libraries. Long before Homer narrated in immortal verse the heroism of Achilles and the devotion of Andromache, Egypt had developed an advanced civilization, and was "the home of a consistent religious creed, of a recondite philosophy and of a complete literature."

Throughout Old Testament history we catch frequent glimpses of Egypt in its glittering splendour of earthly power—the Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, the Egypt of the pyramids and the Sphinx, and the Egypt of such immense material resources, that time and again it became a veritable land of refuge to many a fugitive fleeing from the clutch of famine.

Engraven in hieroglyphics in the temple of Neith—the Egyptian Minerva—was found an inscription which conveys one of the most sublime ideas of the Deity which unenlightened reason has formed. It is as follows : " I am that which is, was, and shall be. No mortal hath lifted up my veil; the offspring of my power is the Sun." On the temple of Isis in Capua is to be found an inscription similar in majesty of thought and beauty of expression : " Thou art one, and from thee all things proceed." Plutarch declares that "the inhabitants of Thebais worshipped only the immortal and supreme God." But, however true and exalted was the conception of the Egyptian philosophers, the religion of the masses was little better than that of the inhabitants of Canaan whom the Lord drove out, to make a place for his chosen people.

A veil of mystery enshrouds the introduction of the Gospel into

Egypt. It is, however, an assured fact that large conquests were made before the close of the first century.

During the second, third and fourth centuries Egypt became the scene of many of the greatest struggles and most glorious triumphs of the early Christian Church, and thousands of her citizens sealed their faith with their blood. For nearly three hundred years the mighty contest between the Roman Empire and Christianity was waged, and from the carnage and the conflict Christianity emerged triumphant.

Alexandria, the intellectual and commercial centre of Egypt, was the home and Episcopal See of Clement, Cyril, Origen and Athanasiaus, whose names render illustrious the annals of the early Church. This city was also the scene of the apostolic efforts of the evangelist Mark, and the place where laboured the learned Seventy, to whose genius and toil the world is indebted for the Septuagint version of the Old Testament. It was here that Athanasiaus began and carried on his struggle against the Arian heresy and largely forced the issue which resulted in the first great Ecumenical Council of the early Church at Nicaea, 325 A.D., summoned by Constantine to settle the Arian controversy. In the presence of the Emperor and the assembled bishops the young and eloquent Presbyter of Alexandria led the opposition to Arius, and succeeded in securing the adoption of what is now known as the Nicene creed, thus establishing for the Christian Church the doctrine of the Trinity, and that the Son is co-eternal and of one substance with the Father.

It was in the deserts of Egypt that Athanasiaus subsequently took refuge, when, as a result of Arian influence, he was deposed from the Bishopric of Alexandria, to which he had been appointed after the Nicene Council, and from the same trackless wastes he launched his vigorous onslaughts upon the Arians, and the Emperor who supported them. His almost single-handed conflict against tremendous odds forms one of the striking pages in Roman history as well as lends lustre to the triumphs of the early Church on Egyptian soil. Truly he verified his courageous declaration, "Athanasiaus contra mundum."

Although the mastery over heathenism was assured, yet the Christianity of the early Egyptians was intermingled with strange superstitions, which admixture bore bitter fruit for centuries, in theological variances and strifes, and resulted finally in the Christians meeting the Persian invaders with open arms.

The Arabs were given a similar welcome when in 640 A.D. they came to conquer Egypt for the prophet.

For a season there was a cessation of the strife which had wrought so much ruin among them. But this time of peace was soon followed by a long, dark period of pitiless oppression and bitter persecution.

The Christian Church in Egypt —known at this time and since as the Coptic Church—under the heavy strain of persecution began to shrink and dwindle, until instead of its former millions of adherents it entered the present century numbering but a few thousands.

The glory of Egypt was departing. The prophecies of Ezekiel were being literally fulfilled. "The sword had indeed come upon Egypt," and, "the pride of her power had come down," and, "her cities were in the midst of the cities that were wasted," and "the land was sold into the hand of the

wicked, and laid waste by the hand of strangers," for the mouth of the Lord had spoken it.

The great historians, Volney and Gibbon, corroborate the fulfilment of Ezekiel's prophecy. They say in substance, Egypt, deprived of her natural proprietors, saw her fertile valleys and productive fields become successively a prey to the Persians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Greeks, the Arabs, the Georgians, and lastly, of the rapacious Turk. The Mamelukes, purchased as slaves and introduced as soldiers, soon usurped the power and elected a leader. These in turn were replaced by slaves brought from their original country. For upwards of twelve hundred years Egypt groaned beneath the power and tyranny of the Moslem. The results of this oppression have indeed been bitter, and are plainly discernible in the social and commercial as well as in the religious life of the people.

From this view of Egypt and her past we at once see the necessity for evangelistical labours among her people. But while the necessity exists it has been found a difficult matter to reach this nation once so rich in Christian influence. To those dauntless missionary explorers, the Moravians, is due the honour of endeavouring to restore Egypt to the rule of the cross. Over a century ago two gifted men, Hecker and Antes, went among the dwellers by the Nile, bearing in their hands the Bread of Life, but the people rejected the proffered gift and would have none of it. Following them came Krapf, Gobat, and other agents of the Church Missionary Society. Their efforts were principally directed to the reformation of the ancient but apostate Coptic Church, and likewise proved futile.

In 1854 there dawned for missionary enterprise in Egypt a brighter day. It was in this year that the American Mission was founded, under the auspices of the United Presbyterian Church. This mission, though keeping constantly before it the dire needs of the Coptic Church, took no notice of the Church as an organization, but sought for the salvation of individual souls. God has wondrously blessed the efforts of this society in Egypt. To-day it is the largest and most firmly established mission in the land. Its history is a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. Nor has it been without its Pentecostal outpouring.

But in the limits of this article it is not our purpose to trace its rise or progress, but rather to confine ourselves to the recital of one of the most successful individual missionary enterprises of the age. We refer to the work of Miss Whately. A gentleman who has travelled extensively in the East thus comments upon her work :

" In my experience among Easterners of all classes and religions and various agencies in the East, Miss Mary Louisa Whately's mission stands first. It has reached the very heart of Islam, and has been among the first to plant the Gospel of our divine Master in the very midst of the Mohammedan families of Egypt. Such a thing was never heard of before, nor has been done by any one since the rise and progress of the Mohammedan religion."

Perhaps a brief account of the life of her who quietly and unostentatiously took up and accomplished this difficult task may not be without interest. Miss Whately was born in August of 1824, and was the daughter of the late Archbishop Whately, of Dublin. She is described by her sister as being, as a child, " quick, intelligent, with a retentive memory, ardent, impulsive, hot-tempered and generous." Evidently, a true daughter

of Erin! Her sister further adds, "Mary possessed a great faculty for picking up knowledge of all kinds, and a decided capability for turning her knowledge to good account."

Full opportunity was given her in her home, and also by careful scholastic training, for the development of her mind. But the mental side of her nature was not the only one under cultivation. Mrs. Whately wisely trained her children to remember the poor and needy. Early in life the sublime trait of self-denial was inculcated and fostered, and for months at a time Mary and her sisters would save their entire allowance to buy bread and other necessaries for the starving poor of Dublin.

During the days of the terrible Irish famine—between the years 1846 and 1851—the Whatelys were "in labours more abundant" among the famine sufferers, ministering to their spiritual, as well as temporal, necessities. It was during this period that Miss Whately's spiritual life deepened and enlarged, and we find her, whenever opportunity presented, taking up, cheerfully and heroically, tasks which must have been to a great extent distasteful. The Ragged Schools, Irish Church, Mission Homes, and the destitute and afflicted all claimed a large share of her thought and personal attention.

By these various agencies it will be seen that the hand of God was moulding this young consecrated life for the broad fields and larger experiences of missionary enterprise. It is worthy of note that the worker among the poor and lowly in Egypt did not disdain work among the poor surrounding her own home.

But the Lord had still another lesson to teach His willing pupil before he beckoned her to the whitening harvest fields in the land of the Nile. About the close of the Crimean War there came to Dublin a considerable number of sick and destitute Italians. Their extreme condition appealed at once to Miss Whately's sympathetic heart, and we find her visiting them in their homes and in the hospitals, pointing out to them the Great Physician, who could heal soul maladies "without money and without price." Many of them looked and lived. Through this agency she learned the art of communicating religious instruction to those of different nationalities and faiths—a gift invaluable to her—when the coming years brought her her life-work.

To engage in foreign mission work had been the object of her secret longing. The opportunity at last presented itself, though in a guise entirely different from what she would have planned or wished. But ever conscious of the Divine leadership she did not murmur nor falter, though the road chosen was more rough than was pleasant for unaccustomed feet. In the winter of 1856 failing health obliged her to leave her native isle. Her physicians recommended Cairo, and thither she at once proceeded, accompanied by a friend. Upon arrival, true to her natural impulses and her life's training, her attention and sympathy were at once aroused by the extreme spiritual destitution of the people, whose unspoken appeal set the responsive chords of her being vibrating with a great tenderness and pity for their abject and needy condition. But she herself can better tell the story:

"Whenever we stopped at a station a troop of exceedingly dirty children clamouring for 'backsheesh,' and frightful old women with faces like walnut shells, bleared eyes and dangling rags, offered baskets of sticky dates, which were feebly protected with leaves from the swarms of flies, while young girls passed up and down the platform with

the porous water-vessels of the country offering drink to travellers with the cry of 'Cold water, O ye thirsty!' in a sweet half-plaintive tone. Every one was hot and thirsty, and many hands were stretched out for the vessels of water, and gladly were the coppers demanded paid; but as we passed on and the little water-sellers were left far behind, my heart ached so for them, and for all the rest in the land, because they had never heard the blessed invitation: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' and knew nothing of the Water of Life which Jesus Christ our Lord gives freely to them that ask, 'without money and without price.'"

Obstacle after obstacle, however, intervened to prevent her from entering upon her cherished plans, and it was not until the winter of 1860, when Miss Whately again visited Egypt, that the door for her individual missionary effort swung wide. It was then laid upon her heart that she should endeavour to do something for the Moslem women and girls of the poorer classes. No such thing had ever been undertaken, and her friends sought to dissuade her from pursuing a course which they predicted was sure to end in failure. But Miss Whately was not to be intimidated from engaging in a work to which she felt God was beckoning her. She says: "I knew the work must be slow, for it was all up-hill, but it was begun in prayer, therefore obstacles and delays did not greatly discourage me."

Time and space would fail to tell of the difficulties and discouragements which surrounded the opening of a school in Cairo for Mohammedan children—for this was Miss Whately's first line of attack—suffice it to say that, after much of both, at last it was finally opened with nine little charter scholars. Of this incident Miss Whately thus comments: "No recruiting sergeant was ever so pleased as I, when I hastened to report to my invalid relation" (a cousin who accompanied her to Egypt), "that we had actually nine pupils."

This school grew and prospered, but in the spring of 1861 Miss Whately was called home to Dublin, and she placed her school under the charge of a teacher provided by the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East." In the winter of 1862 she returned to her beloved mission work in Cairo. Through failing health the teacher left in charge had been obliged to resign her work, and Miss Whately found the school closed and the scholars scattered. Nothing daunted, she at once set about reopening it, and had the satisfaction of greeting twenty pupils, who evinced their joy at their teacher's return by glad cries of, "Welcome! welcome! Our teacher has come back! God be praised!"

The work now developed so rapidly that Miss Whately found it necessary to engage assistants for the school, but even with these her staff was not equal to the increasing needs, and later she secured the services of a native missionary, Mansoon Shakoor. Shortly afterwards his brother Joseph was pressed into the work. A boys' day and Sunday-school was opened at Cairo. House-to-house visitation and ministering to the sick and the suffering were also taken up.

In the autumn of 1863 the death of the archbishop, her father, called Miss Whately home. She merely stayed long enough to arrange needful family matters and returned to Egypt with the intention of devoting her life and her fortune to the work there. The schools had grown so that she deemed it necessary to erect new buildings. The Prince of Wales, who was visiting Egypt at this time, secured from Ismail Pasha a grant of land upon which to build. Friends in England aided

her in the erection of the buildings, but no less than three thousand pounds of Miss Whately's limited private fortune were cheerfully expended upon the undertaking.

The new buildings gave enlarged opportunities, and Miss Whately, with her two faithful assistants, the Shakoor brothers, like their Master before them, are found everywhere "going about doing good." The poor in the streets and lanes of Cairo, as well as in the Bedouin huts outside the town, were visited, their physical distress alleviated, and their spiritual enlightenment prayerfully sought.

A depot for Bibles and other books was opened and kept open for several years, until, owing to Moslem intolerance, it was closed. Miss Whately soon thereafter made a missionary journey up the Nile. This she continued to do each spring until her death, reading, teaching and giving away portions of Scripture, and attending to the wounded and sick. These medical ministrations were found to be so beneficial to the poor fellaheen, that in 1879 a medical mission was added to the other branches of the work, with a skilful Syrian doctor—who had been educated at the American College at Beyrout—installed in charge. Several thousand patients were treated annually, and to them Miss Whately ministered "in things spiritual."

Still the dauntless heart was not satisfied. Much land was yet to be occupied in the name of King Emmanuel. A European school was opened at Cairo for Jewish and Syrian girls of mixed parentage, and here Miss Whately spent as much time as she could spare from her other already too numerous duties.

But the hour of her release was drawing near. The brave soul that had dared and borne so much for others began at times to long for the "rest that remaineth," and the messenger did not tarry. The Father who had so tenderly led and guided His child through all the disquietude and hardships of her busy, varied life, seeing the life-tasks nearing completion, and noticing the toil-wrecked frame of the worker, gently said, "It is enough."

In February, 1889, though suffering from illness, she started on her yearly trip up the Nile. After visiting all the towns and villages on her route she returned home to rest. It was soon apparent more than this was required. A physician was summoned, who pronounced her illness critical. Loved ones tenderly watched over her. In every possible way they sought to alleviate her sufferings and promote her recovery, but on the ninth of March her freed spirit passed through the gates into the city of the King.

"What then? Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard;
Wait till thou, too, hast fought the noble strife,
And won through Jesus Christ the Crown of Life;
Then shalt thou know the glory of the word;
Then as the stars for ever, ever shine,
Beneath the King's own smile, perpetual zenith thine."

Verily, "She rests from her labours and her works do follow her."

And what of the present and future Egypt, the land of her adoption, the land for which she so freely gave her life?

The outlook is as bright as the promises of God. Already Isaiah's prophecy is being fulfilled—"The Lord shall smite Egypt; he shall smite and heal it; and they shall return to the Lord, and He shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them." Throughout the past centuries Egypt has been most grievously smitten. To-day in that land there are signs and tokens

that the "Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in His wings." The civilizing power of the Gospel is working miracles. The churches and schools, the hospitals and dispensaries, the Bible depositories are all silent attestors of the fact.

Under the protectorate of Great Britain, Egypt is winning back at least a portion of her former prosperity. Gilbert Parker writes: "It is trite to say we have reason to be proud of the work done by a handful of Englishmen in Egypt. Let us keep on saying it, for manifest are the changes. The old indirect taxes, the infamous Moukabala and village annuities, and a score of other shameless oppressions are removed, and the wicked abuses of the old system of Government irrigation have given place to a beneficent distribution of water and a profitable working system."

Egypt to-day has more miles of railroad than has Spain or Portugal, or Austria-Hungary. Her population has increased sixty-six per cent. in sixteen years, and now numbers almost ten millions, thus disproving the idea that wrecked empires can never be rehabilitated.

The land now lies open for the Gospel. A pathway has been blazed by a few intrepid souls whereby future heralds of the cross may with safety walk. There is great need of not a few, for the land is large, and the people very many, and the waste places must yet be redeemed.

"Restholme," London, Ont.

IF CHRIST WERE HERE TO-NIGHT.

If Christ were here to-night and saw me tired
And half afraid another step to take,
I think He'd know the thing my heart desired
And ease that heart of all its throbbing ache.

If Christ were here in this dull room of mine
That gathers up so many shadows dim,
I am quite sure its narrow space would shine
And kindle into glory around Him.

If Christ were here, I might not pray so long,
My prayer would have such little way to go,
'Twould break into a burst of happy song,
So would my joy and gladness overflow.

If Christ were here to-night, I'd touch the hem
Of His fair, seamless robe, and stand complete
In wholeness and in whiteness; I, who stem
Such waves of pain, to kneel at His dear feet.

If Christ were here to-night, I'd tell Him all
The load I carry for the ones I love,
The blinded ones, who grope and faint and fall,
Following false guides, nor seeking Christ above.

If Christ were here! Ah, faithless soul and weak,
Is not the Master ever close to thee?
Deaf is thine ear that canst not hear Him speak,
Dim is thine eye, His face that cannot see.

Thy Christ is here, and never far away;
He entered with thee when thou camest in;
His strength was thine through all the busy day,
He knew thy need, He kept thee pure from sin.

Thy blessed Christ is in thy little room,
Nay more, the Christ Himself is in thy heart;
Fear not, the dawn will scatter darkest gloom,
And heaven will be of thy rich life a part.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE ICE AGE IN CANADA.

BY A. P. COLEMAN, M.A., PH.D.,

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No more dramatic episode is to be found in the world's history than that appalling change of climate which overwhelmed so much of the northern hemisphere with ice at about the time when man first appeared upon the earth; and no country has reason to be so much interested in the matter as Canada, for the results of ice action are nowhere else so vividly displayed. The very conditions of life and communication in our wide Dominion were settled by the work of the vast ice masses which scoured and excavated in some places, and heaped up rolling sheets of clay or ranges of stony hills in others, changing the whole aspect of the country, forming lakes innumerable and shifting the courses of great rivers.

Practically the whole of Canada has been worked over by ice, with the strange exception of the Yukon region, which seems to have escaped; and at the maximum of the Glacial Period hundreds of thousands of square miles of the north-eastern States were covered by the ice-sheet also. To one who has not studied the question, it seems incredible that our rich fields and forests, our great lakes and rivers, could be blotted out completely for thousands of years, and that the entire Dominion of Canada, except a little of its north-west corner, where the Klondike now is, should for long years have been a lifeless waste of drifting snows like the heart of Greenland; but the evidence of these facts is too clear to be disputed.

Let us examine the proofs, and for that purpose let us visit the Selkirk Mountains, where splendid glaciers are now at work.

Except on precipices too steep for it to lie, the tops of the Selkirks, above 7,000 or 8,000 feet, are covered with perpetual snow, the *nevé* of geologists; added to in summer as well as winter, for, even in midsummer, what falls as rain lower down falls as snow on the heights. And yet the mountains are not growing upwards into the sky by the accumulation of these snowfalls, as at first one might expect; for the snow as it thickens is compressed at the bottom into ice by the pressure of the hundreds of feet above, and this ice under its great load becomes plastic, or at least acts as if plastic, and flows out toward the lowest point, just as water would do, forming an icy tongue, sometimes stretching miles down the valley, till the warmth of the lower climate melts it away. The tongue of ice draining a snowfield is, of course, called a glacier, and we may now study its action.

Though a glacier flows as a river does, and at steep parts of its course looks from a distance like a foaming mountain torrent, its rate of motion is slow, sometimes only a few inches per day and rarely more than a few feet; but it has one advantage over running water as a geological worker, since it can act as a solid as well as a viscid fluid. The river can carry along pebbles in its bed, but cannot move large rocks; while the solid glacier can carry any load of rock which landslips and the quarrying of frost may roll down upon it from the mountain side. Blocks of any size, even as large as a cottage, are slowly carried down and delivered where the ice melts at the foot of the glacier on

the rough ridge of loose stones, called a terminal moraine.

In another way the solidity of ice helps its work. Loose materials over which it passes are pushed along beneath the ice, and the surface of the solid rock is scoured and polished. Hard and angular stones imbedded in the ice serve as gouges and scrapers, and leave long scratches or furrows, "striae," on the rock beneath. When the ice finally melts, because of the coming on of a warmer climate, everything is dropped. The mass of loose materials pushed along beneath becomes "boulder clay"; stones large or small carried by the ice are left helter-skelter as "erratics," scattered without order over hills or valleys miles away from their original home. The rock surfaces are left polished and striated, and hills of rock are smoothed and rounded on the side from which the ice advanced, but left rough and angular on the lee side. When the rivers are once more free to work on the surface left by the melting ice, they often find their old valleys filled with the debris brought down by the glacier, and so must seek other channels.

All these features of ice action, which one may see illustrated by living glaciers in the Selkirks, are to be found around us in Ontario and in most other parts of Canada, only on a far more gigantic scale than anything to be seen in the mountains. The rounded, ice-grooved hills of Muskoka; the undulating plains of boulder clay, here and there sprinkled with masses of granite or gneiss brought from far away in southern Ontario; the range of terminal moraines stretching for hundreds of miles across the province, as the Oak Ridges, with their irregular shapes and stony flanks, are all proofs of ice action on a scale more magnificent than that of any glacier in the Rocky Mountains.

During the Cenozoic, the last age before the Glacial Period, the climate of the northern hemisphere had been slowly changing. Subtropical in the beginning, as shown by the plants of the time, it grew cooler and cooler till at the close of the Pliocene, the last subdivision of the Cenozoic, perpetual snow began to accumulate.

As one might expect, the first great ice mass formed on the British Columbia mountains, burying the whole province, as Dr. Dawson has shown, and flowing a short distance out of the passes on to the Albertan plains. Next in time came the Keewatin ice area just west of Hudson Bay, and finally, the greatest mass of all, the Labradorian ice sheet, began to thicken and spread out in all directions, from the bleak hills of Labrador, till the whole of eastern America, as far south as New York city, the Ohio river and the Missouri, was buried in white, lakes and rivers being filled and mountains completely submerged. We can imagine the stealthy spread of the white terror of the north, slowly crushing forests, driving the animals of the time, including the long-haired elephants called mastodons, ever south, until the central United States had the frigid conditions of the Arctic regions, reindeer and musk-oxen running in herds as far south as Kentucky.

How long the ice sheet lasted one cannot certainly say, doubtless thousands of years; but at length the climatic conditions changed, and the melting at the edges of the glacier went on faster than could be supplied from the snows of the interior. Slowly and with many halts the retreat went on, the bare hills set free were clothed with Arctic plants, which were afterwards displaced by

those of temperate climates. As the main rivers of Canada, from Manitoba east, all flow to the north-east, some strange effects followed the withdrawal of the ice. As their valleys were opened, the water accumulated in them against the huge dam of ice on the north-eastern side until greater lakes were formed than any now existing, and the waters of Canada found their way over the divides into the Mississippi, and so reached the Gulf of Mexico instead of Hudson Bay or the north Atlantic.

The first of these lakes, named Agassiz, after one of the earliest students of ice action, covered most of Manitoba, and its silts had much to do with the formation of the level prairies so productive of wheat. This lake, or a successor, provided also the rich and level soil of the Rainy River region in Ontario. After the ice front had withdrawn far enough to allow Lake Agassiz to drain to the north, its waters fell, leaving Lake Winnipeg and other sheets of water in Manitoba as its remnants.

Then came Lake Warren, occupying most of the area of the so-called Canadian great lakes, with an outlet into the Mississippi past the present site of Chicago, where the much discussed drainage canal is now being dug. At a still further stage in the retreat the water sank so far as to allow Niagara Falls to commence the great work of cutting its canyon from Queenston Heights towards Lake Erie, giving us the most trustworthy chronometer for measuring the time since the Ice Age.

There has been much discussion among geologists as to whether the tremendous catastrophe of the Ice Age was an isolated event, or whether the changes of climate were more complicated, the ice withdrawing and then advancing again. However, the evidence for a long, and part of the time warm, interglacial period is too clear at Scarboro' Heights and in the Don Valley, as shown by investigations made by a committee of the British Association, to admit of any doubt; so that the Glacial Period was not a unit. There were two great advances of the ice, well marked by beds of boulder clay, with polished and scratched stones, and an intervening time when the pawpaw and Osage orange grew on the banks of the Don, and shell-fish, now living far south in the Mississippi, inhabited its waters.

The startling question arises whether we are not now living in an interglacial period; whether the icy invader, which covered eastern Canada at least twice before, may not once more spread its deadly whiteness over the country, blotting out our farms and cities!

This question we cannot certainly answer until we know with some assurance what causes Ice Ages, and at present authorities are divided in the matter, three or four different theories being proposed. A very attractive theory is the astronomical one of Dr. Croll, which is based on the fact that the shape of the earth's orbit changes, being sometimes much more elliptical than others. At times of high ellipticity, when the orbit is elongated, like a hoop pulled from two sides, it is supposed that in one hemisphere the winters are very long and cold, while the summers are hot, but short, the earth being farther away from the sun in winter and nearer it in summer than usual. In the other hemisphere, the reverse conditions would exist, long, cool summers and short, mild winters. The hemisphere with the long winters, it is supposed, will undergo an Ice Age.

There is, however, one serious difficulty with this theory. It proves too much. Periods of high

ellipticity have occurred many times in the world's history; while the evidences of ancient Ice Ages are very few, only one or two being known with certainty in past ages.

Another theory largely held at present supposes an elevation of the glaciated land; e.g., if eastern Canada were raised seven thousand or eight thousand feet, it would probably reach snow line, and an Ice Age would occur. There are clear proofs that eastern America stood higher than now in the past, but not at so great an elevation as seven thousand feet.

Sir William Dawson believes that the Glacial Period was produced in the reverse way, by a lowering of the land until Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean were connected by a wide channel with the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In his view the Arctic currents flowing through this channel with their freight of floes and bergs, so chilled the whole region that perpetual snow could form on the higher points and spread over the surface of the land, the great sheets of boulder clay being formed, however, mainly by the action of icebergs.

A comparatively recent theory has been proposed by Prof. Chamberlain, of Chicago University, that changes in the atmosphere may produce warm or cold periods, the carbonic acid of the air being the most potent factor in this respect. If the amount of carbonic acid is increased, the earth's blankets are thickened and all climates grow warmer; if it is diminished, the earth shivers under too thin a blanket, and northern and southern regions become ice covered.

This sketch of the theories advanced to account for the frigid climate of the Ice Age will show how uncertain our knowledge is of the causes of change of climate. Till we are surer of our ground, we cannot predict future changes. If another Ice Age is on the way, we may console ourselves, however, by the reflection that such changes come slowly, as man reckons time. It is not less than five thousand years since the last sheet of ice vanished, and we may feel certain that it will be thousands of years before Canada is overwhelmed with another Ice Age.

LAKESIDE MUSINGS.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

I stood by old Ontario,
The ever new and wondrous glow
Of sunset splendour filled my eyes
With all the tints of Paradise.
The dazzling glory there upraised
In awful stillness on me gazed,
And on my soul there slowly grew
The wonder of the silence too.

I thought—while even's shades grew dense—
The discords and the turbulence
Of life are limned upon the lake;
The hopes that die, the hearts that break,
All hateful words, and deeds of crime,
Are here as things bedaubed with slime,
And horrid shapes that coil and crawl—
But the glorious heavens are over all.

Arthur, Ont.

The rolling waters fierce and strong
Picture the struggle of right and wrong,
The groans of labour, throes of strife,
The agonies of broken life;
Dark centuries of sin and sham
Seem tumbling on 'neath heartless calm,
The years like waves on gray sands fall—
And the silent heavens are over all.

A silent God! A human rout!
And in my heart a night of doubt.
—I thought of the Lake of Galilee,
Of the glory-cloud of Bethany,
And Faith rushed back; nor sky nor sea
E'er sang such gladdening notes as she:
"Christ weeps His feeblest creature's fall,
And a Father's love enfoldeth all."

"THE SECRET HISTORY OF PRINCE BISMARCK."*

BY THE EDITOR.

NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDING, BERLIN.

I.

No one, it is said, is a hero to his valet. Dr. Moritz Busch's diary goes far to reverse that epigram. Herr Busch was a sort of literary valet to the great chancellor—his "humble friend," factotum and jackal. He was employed by Bismarck for five-and-twenty years to do the meanest and most mendacious kind of journalistic work. He had a sincere admiration for the great man whose "alter ego" he, in large degree, was. The words of adulation with which he addresses his Most Serene Highness suggest those of a courtier of the Byzantine Empire. He even calls him his "Master and Messiah," and says, describing his first interview with his Chief, "I felt as if I stood before an altar."

The diary of Dr. Busch is a striking revelation of the real char-

* "Bismarck. Some Secret Pages in his History." Being a Diary kept by Dr. Moritz Busch, during twenty-five years' official and private intercourse with the great Chancellor. With portraits. In two volumes. 8vo. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. American edition, $10. Canadian edition, $7.50. The substance of this article has appeared in the *Methodist Review* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, May–June, 1899.

acter of the Iron Chancellor. It is a sort of anticipation of the judgment day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open, when every shred and vestige of concealment shall be rent away. The London Times remarks : " It was reserved to the sublime unconsciousness of one of his sincerest worshippers to expose all the meanness, duplicity, and brutality which he combined with so many brilliant and admirable qualities." This is a severe indictment, but an examination of these bulky volumes more than vindicates it. Dr. Busch had amplest opportunity of knowing Bismarck as he was, not merely when playing his part on great occasions or state functions, but when he laid aside his mask and exhibited his real self.

For a quarter of a century Herr Busch was the confidential secretary and journalistic hack of the great chancellor. He entertained for his master an almost idolatrous regard. He speaks of him as one of God's prophets on earth. He was his most devoted servant and slave. " You know that I worship you," he said, " and would let myself be cut into a thousand pieces for you." He was admitted to his most intimate confidence, and intrusted with secrets revealed to no other. Herr Busch, while he nothing extenuates, sets down naught in malice. That his "August Master," his " Most Serene Highness," did or said a thing seems to elevate it above human censure. In his letters to his Chief he reiterates over and over the courtly phrases, " Most Noble Prince," "Most Mighty Chancellor," "Most Gracious Chief and Master."

Like another Boswell, Herr Busch jotted down immediately the words of this later Ursa Major, afterwards wrote them out in full, and so trained his memory that he could give long verbatim records. He violates no confidence in publishing these secret pages of Bismarck's history. He quotes his Chief, as he generally styles him, as saying, " Once I am dead, you can tell everything you like; absolutely everything you know." Having thus received the sanction of him " whom he looked upon as the first of men," Dr. Busch cares little for public sentiment. He paints the portrait in minutest detail, with strictest fidelity—warts and all.

It is difficult to construct from these volumes a continuous narrative. They are not a history, but they offer unique materials for compiling a history. They furnish the fragments from which may be created the true image of the great nation-builder. The only unity that they possess is that their facts and incidents are grouped around the chief agent in the evolution of the German Empire. In reading these pages we are admitted behind the scenes of one of the great world dramas of the ages. We see the seamy side of diplomatic life. We watch the unfolding events of the Franco-Prussian war, the march of armies, the shock of battle, the joy of victory, the bitterness of defeat. We witness the collapse of the French Empire, the struggles of the Republic, the madness of the Commune. We notice the nascent purpose to seize Metz and Strassburg, Alsace and Lorraine, not merely to punish France but to safeguard Germany.

We observe the growth of the sentiment of German unification, the petty jealousies of the minor kingdoms and archduchies, the outburst of German imperialism in the crowning of Kaiser Wilhelm I. at Versailles, and the integration of the German Race. We study the statecraft of the great chancellor at his office in Wilhelm-Strasse, at Berlin, and at his

castle at Varzin or Friedrichsruh, where he holds the threads of diplomacy and directs the motion of puppets at Constantinople and Vienna, at Paris and Rome. Dr. Busch says, "The diplomatic world in particular must be represented here as it really is," and he describes relentlessly its duplicity and fraud.

It was a frequent practice of Bismarck's to inspire or dictate an article to be sent by Dr. Busch to some German or foreign paper. For instance, in 1870 the chancellor directed Herr Busch to write for the "Koelnische Zeitung" a letter dated from Paris, and attributed to a French writer. Bismarck criticised the letter as being too logical for a Frenchman, and not gossipy enough, and then dictated one himself that should more skilfully perpetrate the fraud designed.

Prince Bismarck more than any other man is responsible for the greatest war of modern times. The King of Prussia was unwilling to invoke the arbitrament of the sword. Bismarck and the generals, Moltke and Roon, were in favour of war. The chancellor thus describes the eventful scene at Ems, when he deliberately flung his sword into the scale :

"I invited Moltke and Roon to dine with me that evening, and to talk over the situation, which seemed to me to be growing more and more unsatisfactory. Whilst we were dining, another long telegram was brought in. As I read it to them—it must have been about two hundred words—they were both actually terrified, and Moltke's whole being suddenly changed. He seemed to be quite old and infirm. It looked as if our Most Gracious might knuckle under after all. I asked him (Moltke) if, as things stood, we might hope to be victorious. On his replying in the affirmative, I said, 'Wait a minute'; and seating myself at a small table, I boiled down those two hundred words to about twenty, but without otherwise altering or adding anything. It was Abeken's telegram, yet something different—shorter, more determined, less dubious. I then handed it over to them, and asked, 'Well, how does that do now?' 'Yes,' they said, 'it will do in that form;' and Moltke immediately became quite young and fresh again. He had got his war, his trade. And the thing really succeeded. The French were fearfully angry at the condensed telegram as it appeared in the newspapers, and a couple of days later they declared war against us."

Bismarck accepts fully the responsibility for this event, as well as for the wars with Austria and Denmark. We are permitted to read his very soul while, as chief adviser of the crown, he urged the relentless war against France that culminated in the fall of the empire, the capture of the emperor, the siege of Paris, the unifying of the German states, and the crowning of the Prussian king as kaiser of the German fatherland.

Bismarck has a strong antipathy to Queen Augusta, afterwards empress, and to the crown princess Victoria. "I have caused her many tears," he said. "She once asked me to bring her a glass of water, and as I handed it to her she said to a lady-in-waiting who sat near, 'He has cost me as many tears as there is water in this glass.'" The empress he generally refers to as an August Person. The old emperor he uniformly described as, "Our Most Gracious," although he intimated that "old gentlemen of his trade are sometimes rather troublesome."

Bismarck describes with striking frankness his personal efforts to guide King William in the way he should go. After the Schleswig-Holstein affair the king was urged to attend a congress of German princes at Frankfort. This was against Bismarck's policy. "It was literally by the sweat of my brow," he says, "that I prevented him from going, literally hanging on to his coat-tails." "After the struggle," he adds, "His Majesty

lay on the sofa and had an attack of hysterical weeping; and when at length I had succeeded in wringing from him the letter of refusal, I was myself so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely stand. Indeed, I actually reeled as I left the room, and was so nervous and unhinged that in closing the outer door I tore off the handle." He wanted to place a guard over the house to prevent any one else having access to the king.

His sovereign was little more than a puppet in the chancellor's hands. The king wished to see some of the newspapers with the most important passages marked. "Just mark some places for the sake of appearances," said Bismarck, "it does not matter much what."

Dr. Busch's account of the Franco-Prussian campaign is very graphic. He started to the frontier to join the chancellor in a first-class railway carriage. He soon descended to the third-class, and ended the journey in a freight car. The rail and road were frightfully congested. He gives us many vivid kodak pictures of striking scenes in that great war.

The following is the account of the surrender of Napoleon at Sedan, of which Dr. Busch was an eye-witness. "There is something soft and dreamy," he says, "in the look of his light-gray eyes, which resemble those of people who have lived fast. The man is too soft, I am inclined to think too pulpy, for the uniform affairs." Moltke's terms of capitulation were very short and stern—the whole French army, over sixty-five thousand, must surrender as prisoners of war. Bismarck rode off at six in the morning, "dirty, unwashed, and dusty as he was," to meet the emperor. He had his revolver buckled on, at the sight of which the emperor turned ashy gray. "He may have thought of the Prince de Conde, who was murdered while a prisoner," is Bismarck's comment.

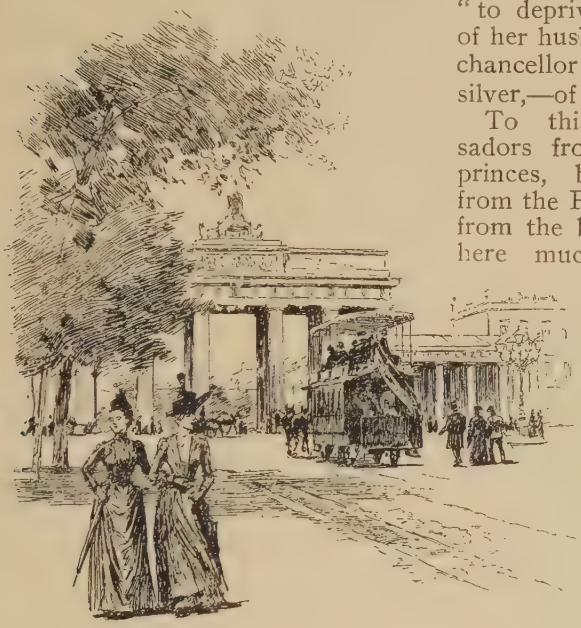
In a peasant's cottage, at a deal table, with two rush chairs, the negotiations of surrender were conducted. Bismarck, dreading King William's "soft-heartedness and his good nature," resolved to keep him from meeting the Emperor Napoleon till after they were concluded. When the terms were fixed, the two monarchs met. When the fallen emperor came out after the interview, his eyes were filled with heavy tears. General von Boyen was the escort of the prisoner of Sedan to Wilhelmshohe. "He is capitally suited for that mission," said Bismarck; "he can be extremely rude in the most polite way." Napoleon left Sedan at an early hour in the morning. He felt it was unsafe to remain in the midst of the furious soldiery, who burst into paroxysms of rage, breaking their rifles and swords, on hearing of the capitulation.

Before the fall of Sedan, Bismarck had determined on demanding the cession of large areas of France. "However, we must not sell the bear's skin before we have killed it," he said. "Never mind," said Count Waldersee, "our bear is already badly hit."

It is to Bismarck's credit that he was not open to the charge of nepotism or avarice. His son served twelve months in the army without the promotion which others had in a month. When Victor Emmanuel sent him a jewelled snuff-box worth fifty thousand francs, Bismarck refused it, but accepted instead an autograph photo of the king.

The Prussian system of billeting the troops was of mechanical accuracy, but the accommodations often greatly varied. Now the Chief and his aides occupied a fine country house, which had been

prepared for the reception of Bazaine; now the humble home of a village miller or milliner, of a banker or baker; again, the magnificent chateau of Baron Rothschild. Here the steward declared they had no wine, till the count's servants disinterred some thousands of bottles. Sometimes they fared sumptuously, sometimes they were reduced to army bread and bacon. At the king's table, we



BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN.

read, the cutlets were very small, and there was only one for each. This was very tantalizing to Bismarck's voracious appetite. He himself declared that he gorged like a boa constrictor, and was then unable to sleep half the night. Herr Busch confesses to stealing a couple of eggs, breaking them on his sword, and swallowing them raw.

Bismarck and his staff were quartered for five months in the villa of a well-to-do widow at Versailles during the siege of Paris. On the table stood an old-fashioned clock, with a fiendish figure in bronze, biting his thumb. This figure grinned grimly at all the negotiations which led to the proclamation of the German Emperor and Empire and the surrender of Paris. The widow offered it to Bismarck as a souvenir for five thousand francs. He refused the offer, as he did not wish, he sarcastically remarked, "to deprive her of this reminder of her husband." She accused the chancellor of stealing her linen and silver,—of course, a slander.

To this villa came ambassadors from the foreign powers, princes, bishops, and cardinals from the Pope himself, and envoys from the beleaguered city. And here much history was made. Jules Favre was no match for the astute chancellor. The French envoy professed to weep at the inexorable demands of the Germans.

"It was a mere piece of acting," says Bismarck. "I felt quite certain that he had not succeeded in squeezing out a single tear. He thought to work upon me in the same manner as a Parisian lawyer tries to move a jury. I am perfectly convinced that he was painted. He looked much greyer and quite green under the eyes—I am prepared to bet that it was paint—grey and green, to give himself an appearance of deep suffering. It is, of course, possible that he was deeply affected; but then he can be no politician, or he would know that pity has nothing to do with politics."

Of Thiers, as a negotiator, Bismarck had a poor opinion.

"He is a clever, amiable man, bright and witty," he says, "but with scarcely a trace of the diplomatist—too sentimental for that trade. He is unquestionably a finer nature than Favre. But he is no good as a negotia tor— *Vide*

händler—not even as a horse-dealer—*Pferdehändler*. He is too easily bluffed, betrays his feelings, and allows himself to be pumped. Thus I have ascertained all sorts of things from him, amongst others that they have only full rations in Paris for three or four weeks."

We obtain some striking glimpses of the stern realities of war and of the cold-blooded method in which it is conducted by the professional soldier.

STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, IN UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN.

"Many of our generals," says Bismarck, "have abused the devotion of the troops in order to secure victory. Possibly," he added, "the hard-hearted reprobates of the general staff are right when they say that even if the whole five hundred thousand men whom we have now in France were to be wiped out, that should be regarded as the loss of so many pawns, so long as we ultimately won the game."

General Sheridan, of the United States, was at Bismarck's headquarters as observer of the campaign. His table-talk was somewhat truculent, and quite in harmony with his declaration, "War is hell."

"The proper strategy consists in the first place," he says, "in inflicting as telling blows as possible upon the enemy's army, and then in causing the inhabitants so much suffering that they must long for peace, and force their government to demand it. The people must be left nothing but their eyes to weep with over the war."

Bismarck himself utters the most cold-blooded sentiments. Speaking of the franctireurs, or ununiformed peasant insurgents, who caused much annoyance and loss to the German troops, he said: "Why do they continue to make prisoners? They should have shot down the whole twelve hundred one after the other." The Countess von Bismarck, though otherwise an amiable lady, shared her liege lord's sentiments. "Oh, she is quite well," replied Bismarck to an inquiry as to her health, "now that our son is better. She still suffers from her ferocious hatred of the Gauls, down to the little babies—who after all cannot help having such abominable parents." The count read at the dinner table one day a portion of a letter from the genial countess, to the following effect:

"I fear you will not be able to find a Bible in France, and so I shall shortly send you the Psalms in order that you may read the prophecies against the French—'I tell thee, the godless shall be destroyed.'"

The kind-hearted King William of Prussia, visiting the troops after a battle, asked a tattered and dirty wounded musketeer what his business was. He replied that he was a doctor of philosophy. "Well, then," said the king, "you will have learned to bear your wounds in a philosophical spirit."

Herr Busch's account of the cold-blooded sentiments of the Iron Chancellor is painful reading:

"Five hundred red breeches were made prisoners. The Chief bitterly regretted that futher prisoners should be taken, and that it was not possible to shoot them down on the spot. 'We have more than enough of them, while the Parisians have the advantage of getting rid of so many mouths to feed, which must now be supplied by us, and for whom we can hardly find room.'"

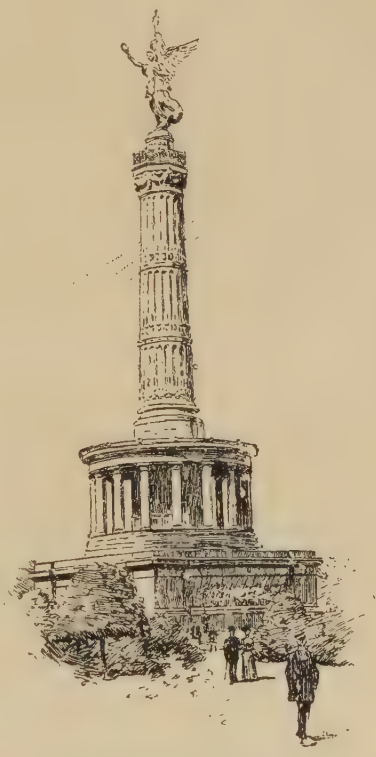
The hostility of the French "franctireurs," or ununiformed peasant fighters, led to frightful retaliation. Whole towns and villages were burned. "It will come to this," said Bismarck, "that we will shoot down every male inhabitant." Worse still, when it was rumoured that Garibaldi and thirteen thousand of his volunteers had been made prisoners, the prince grimly remarked, "That is really disheartening, to make prisoners of thirteen thousand 'franctireurs,' who are not even Frenchmen. Why have they not been shot?"

"We made over sixteen hundred prisoners," said Saldern, "and the total loss of the French is estimated at four to five thousand." "I should have been better pleased," said the Chief, "if they had all been corpses. It is simply a disadvantage to us now to make prisoners."

A poor peasant woman came to intercede for her husband, who had tried to strike a hussar with his spade. Bismarck listened to her very amiably, and when she had done, he replied in the kindliest manner possible, "Well, my good woman, you can be quite sure that your husband (drawing a line round his neck with his finger) will be presently hanged."

Prince Bismarck's biting sarcasms will not be pleasant reading to the French. He describes them as "a nation of ciphers—a mere herd. They are like thirty million obedient Kaffirs, each one of whom is in himself featureless and worthless, not fit to be compared with Russians and Italians, to say nothing of ourselves." Referring to General Ducrot, who broke his parole, he said, "If you peel the white hide off that sort of Gaul you will find a Turco under it."

It was a strange spectacle, that of the German armies camped before the walls of Paris and re-



THE VICTORY COLUMN, BERLIN.

morselessly drawing the coils of fate day by day closer and closer around the doomed city.

The military situation was one unparalleled since the siege of Jerusalem by Vespasian and Titus. In the gay pleasure city of Paris were cooped up two millions of persons unable to escape or to receive supplies from without. As the cruel winter wore away, food became more and more difficult to

obtain. When horseflesh grew scarce, the elephants and other animals in the Jardin des Plantes were butchered for the market. Desperate sorties were made by the beleaguered garrison in the vain attempt to break the cordon surrounding them. The noble trees of the Bois de Boulogne were felled for fuel. "We are told to spare the peasant people who are out

GERMANIA VICTRIX.

Colossal Statue of Germany on the Rhine.

searching for potatoes outside the wall," said the Chief. "They should be shot, too, if we want to reduce the city by starvation."

By balloon post alone could the doomed city communicate with the outer world. The great railway stations, useless for traffic purposes, were turned into factories for the construction of these balloons, which, as they arose, became the targets of Prussian sharpshooters. Yet the Germans hesitated to open their batteries on the many-towered city. They not unnaturally shrank from outraging the public sentiment of Europe, and especially of Great Britain. But the Iron Chancellor had no scruples on this account.

"Give me the post of commander-in-chief for twenty-four hours," he said, "and I will take it upon myself. I will then give one command only, 'Commence the bombardment!' The assertion of the generals that they have not enough ammunition is untrue. They do not want to begin because the heir-apparent does not wish it. He does not wish it because his wife and his mother-in-law are against it. The sentimentality of the Queen of England and the interference of Queen Augusta," he complains bitterly, "stood in the way. Blumenthal will not agree to it because the crown prince does not want it, and behind him are the two Victorias."

With uncompromising frankness Bismarck says:

"The King told me an untruth to-day. I asked him if the bombardment was not to commence, and he replied that he had ordered it. But I knew immediately that that was not true. I know him. He cannot lie, or at least not in such a way that it cannot be detected. He at once changes colour, and it was particularly noticeable when he replied to my question to-day. When I looked at him straight into his eyes he could not stand it." He adds, "The principal reason why the bombardment is delayed is the sentimentality of the Queen of England, and the interference of Queen Augusta."

Speaking at dinner one day in the palace of Versailles about the valuable pictures and manuscripts removed by the French from Germany, Bismarck said: "We could take others of equal value in their stead. We could, for instance, pack up the best of the pictures

out of the gallery here." "Yes, and sell them to the Americans," added Bohlen; "they would give us a good price for them."

"As the bombardment was discussed, as is now," says Herr Busch, "usually the case, Paris was said to be on fire, and some one had clearly seen thick columns of smoke rising over the city. 'That is not enough,' said the Chief. 'We must first smell it here. When Hamburg was burning, the smell could be distinguished five German miles off.'"

Bismarck was especially exasperated at the sympathy of the English with the French. He even resented strongly the proposition to send a British gunboat up the Seine to remove the English families in Paris.

"This is really an unheard-of proceeding," he said. "They merely want to lay down torpedoes and then let the French ships follow them. What swine! They are full of vexation and envy because we have fought great battles here—and won them. They cannot bear to think that shabby little Prussia should prosper so. The Prussians are a people who should merely exist in order to carry on war for them in their pay. This is the view taken by all the upper classes in England. They have never been well-disposed toward us, and have always done their utmost to injure us."

At last the dreadful drama came to its tragic close. The great forts of Paris were silenced, its defences forced, and the German spiked helmets marched in triumph down the Champs Elysees. But the madness of the Commune inflicted worse sufferings on the doomed city than the heavy hand of the Germans. By French hands French blood was shed in torrents. The maddened "petroleuses" raged from street to street, seeking to destroy by fire the palaces and the museums that the Prussian cannon had spared.

Like a tiger at bay in the heights of Belleville and among the graves of Pere la Chaise, the Communists made their last stand. The ruthless revenge of the republican chiefs shot down the insurgents by platoons. This dreadful scene recalls the prophetic words of the Apocalypse: "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour has thy judgment come." The whole text of this remarkable prophecy in the eighteenth chapter of the Revelation seems like a description of the wrath of God upon this city, red with the blood of the saints on the dread day of St. Bartholomew. Two of her fairest provinces, which had been wrested from Germany two hundred years before, were restored to the Fatherland, not so much as a punishment of France as a safeguard to Germany.

Never was such a triumphant return as that of the German armies to Berlin. The spiked helmets marched through the Brandenburg Gate, and down the Unter den Linden, and beneath the statue of the Great Frederick, amid the wildest cheers of war-intoxicated thousands. A colossal column of Victory, the stately new Parliament Buildings near by, and the majestic statue of Germania Victrix, on the Rhine, commemorate the creation of the German Empire, the integration of the German race.

Belief or unbelief
Bears upon life, determines its whole course. . . .
We mortals cross the ocean of this world
Each in his average cabin of a life—
The best's not big, the worst yields elbow-room.
Now for our . . . voyage—how prepare?

—*Browning.*

THE ENGLISH BIBLE AND ITS TRANSLATORS—WYCLIFFE AND TYNDALE.

BY THE REV. WM. TINDALL.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

Among the distinguished characters who gave influence and permanent effect to the Reformation in England, none shines with greater lustre than William Tyndale. He has been called the apostle of England. He was born about 1484. Although we have no particular account of his ancestry, it is pretty certain that they were tillers of the soil, and that he began his life in the parish of Slymbridge, in the county of Gloucestershire. His father was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and his mother devoutly but not superstitiously religious. Their children, consisting of the subject of this sketch and three other sons, enjoyed a godly and intellectual home-training.

William, endowed with uncommon intellectual capacity, outstripped his youthful comrades, and at an early age entered the renowned University of Oxford, where he soon attained high rank, and was acknowledged to be among the greatest linguists of his age. One who was perhaps the highest authority in Europe said that "Tyndale was so skilled in seven languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, and

French, that he could converse in any of these with equal freedom; that when he spoke you would suppose it was his native tongue."

One leading idea seems to have possessed him even at Oxford, before he was twenty years old, the purpose of translating the Scriptures into his mother tongue. To this object he mainly devoted his thoughts and energies during his life, and having lived to see this work accomplished, he joyfully accepted the martyr's crown.

It is believed that the Romans carried the Bible into England, but this, of course, was in Latin, fragments of which were from time to time translated into the vernacular, the reading of which was permitted and encouraged by the Church. But when it was discovered that the entrance of these words of God gave such light that the common people began to discover the errors of the Church and the additions and corruptions of the simple truths as taught by Christ and his apostles, and, above all, to detest the profligate lives of most of the priesthood, and also to assert their God-given rights to civil and religious freedom, the privilege of reading the Scriptures was withdrawn, and the clergy used their constant endeavours to stamp out what they called the pestilent heresies engendered thereby.

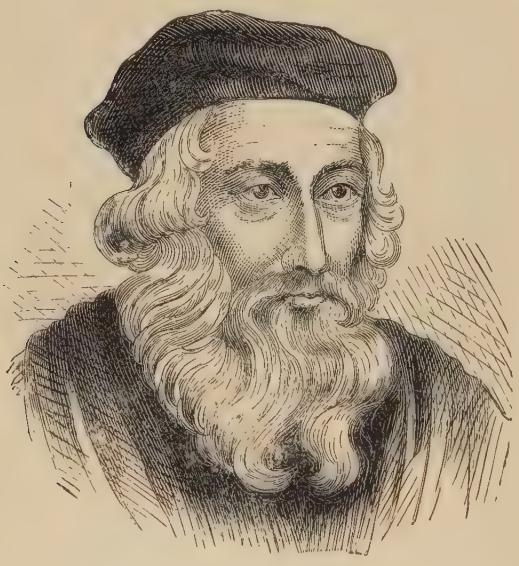
To what extent they succeeded in banishing the obnoxious book may be understood when even a copy of the Latin Vulgate was scarcely to be found at the universities. It is asserted that "in 1353 three or four young Irish priests came over to England to study divinity, but were obliged to return home because not a copy of the Bible was to be found at Oxford!" A writer of that age quaintly tells us that "our universities can boast their solid, subtle, profound, angelic and seraphic doctors of theology who could discuss through endless folios the questions: Does the glorified body of Christ stand or sit in heaven? Were the clothes in which Christ appeared to his disciples after his resurrection real or only apparent? Can the Pope command angels?" Subjects even more frivolous and absurd engaged the attention of the sharpest intellects of the time.

To such unfathomable depths of folly the brightest intellects of any age may descend when they have banished the lamp of life. The decline of all liberal and comprehensive culture had kept pace with the decline of the study of the Holy Scriptures, so that the great Roger Bacon declared in the preceding century that among the scholars of his time but three or four had any knowledge of Greek or Hebrew. The grossest corruption prevailed everywhere. Bribery, perjury, drunkenness, and unnamable immoralities held sway among the masses.

In order to banish from the priesthood every family as well as patriotic tie to country, and to bring the English clergy under the absolute power of Rome, the decree for the celibacy of the priesthood was enforced. In 1102 an ecclesiastical council, held in London, provided measures and appointed officers for the rigid enforcement of this canon. All priests, from the highest to the lowest, were compelled to put away their wives immediately; not to suffer them to live on any lands belonging to the Church; never to see them or speak to them except in cases of greatest necessity and in the presence of two or three witnesses. All priests who refused to obey this unscriptural and barbarous decree were deposed and excommunicated, and all their goods, as well as the goods and persons of their wives, were for-

feited to the bishop of the diocese. The conjugal and social ruin, the misery and sorrow of this action upon its unfortunate victims cannot be described or imagined.

As in the profoundest darkness of the dark ages there were a few "faithful found among the faithless," so each century had its devoted followers of Christ, who shine as lights in a benighted land. Two centuries before Luther appears Wycliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," so called,



JOHN WYCLIFFE.

I suppose, from the fact that he was the herald of the approaching day. How Wycliffe came into possession of a copy of the Bible, history does not inform us, for at this time it was almost an unknown book to the great body of the clergy as well as to the laity.

But, enlightened by divine rays, this great man attacked the doctrines which came from Rome with a boldness and vehement eloquence which astonished all who heard him. Several of his enemies testify as to the greatness of his scholastic attainments as well as to his logical powers. Walden confessed in a letter to Pope Martin V. that "he stood amazed at the excellence of his learning, the exactness of his authorities, and the strength of his arguments."

The whole community seemed aroused by the sermons, lectures, and public discussions of Wycliffe. The answer of the Church through the civil powers—at that time under its control in England—was,

> "that if any person, of whatever degree, state or condition, shall in future publicly teach such doctrines in the universities, or shall listen to one so teaching, he shall be suspended from all scholastic exercises, shall be liable to the greater excommunication, and shall be committed to prison."

Wycliffe's voice now silenced in the university, he devoted his energies to the greater work of the translation of the entire Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments into the English language, which he finished about 1380. This translation was not made from the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures (as no copies of these existed at that time in all western Europe), but from the Latin Vulgate of Jerome I. John Purvey, or Purney, assisted Wycliffe in the revision of this work. It was Purvey who first termed the sacred book by the familiar name of the Bible. It was not until sixty years after the death of Wycliffe that the printing press was invented. The tedious process of copying by the pen, and the great expense of obtaining a copy of the whole Bible, naturally limited its circulation to the more affluent. Yet so great was the

hunger and thirst for the Word of Life that copies of fragments were obtained by thousands, and crowds assembled in spite of persecution and death to hear it read. In many homes throughout the land it was concealed, and with drawn curtains read in cottages in the evenings, and its precious truths eagerly received into joyful hearts. Indeed it seemed as if the Reformation were to come in the fourteenth century instead of two centuries later, but the frost of persecution nipped the buds of promise, and the precious fruit was long delayed.

In 1502 Tyndale was ordained a priest, and in 1508 became a friar in the monastery of Greenwich. In 1522 he had returned to his native Gloucestershire and become private chaplain to Sir John Walsh, in whose family he lived for several years. Here he was enabled to make considerable preparation for the great life-work by which his name is immortalized. At the house of this gallant knight Tyndale frequently met deacons, archdeacons, deans, doctors of divinity, and the elite of society. The conversation often turned upon the striking events of those times—the teachings of Luther, Erasmus, and others, and warm controversies on doctrinal points ensued. On these occasions Tyndale would take down Erasmus' New Testament, and confute their errors. The priests at length grew impatient when they saw the terrible volume appear. "Your Scriptures only seem to make heretics," they exclaimed. "On the contrary," replied Tyndale, "the source of heresies is pride, and the Word of God strips man of everything and leaves him as bare as Job."

The result of those discussions was that the priests, confuted and humbled every time, conceived a dislike to Tyndale, and followed him with relentless hatred. Sir John Walsh, with his wife, were converted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Tyndale further increased the hatred of the priests by preaching in the villages round about, exposing the errors of Rome, and directing all men to look to Jesus, and great numbers received the truth in the love thereof. At length he was summoned before the chancellor of the diocese, who, he says for himself, "threatened me grievously, and reviled and rated me as though I had been a dog, and laid to my charge whereof there could be no account brought forth." But Tyndale, full of courage and faith in God, was not the man to shrink from duty for fear of mortals. He writes: "A thousand books they lever (rather) to be put forth against their abominable doings and doctrines than that the Scriptures should come to light, which thing only moved me to translate the New Testament, because I had perceived by experience how it was impossible to establish the lay-people in any truth except the Scriptures were plainly laid before their eyes in their mother-tongue, that they might see the process, order and meaning of the text, for else whatsoever truth is taught them these enemies of truth quench it again."

In disputation with a very learned dignitary, who was so completely foiled by Tyndale's skilful use of the Word, that he replied, "We had better be without God's laws than the Pope's," our hero answered: "If God spare my life—ere many years I shall cause the boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than thou dost."

Seeing the peril to which his presence exposed his friends who had entertained him so long, he thought it best to take leave of his patron and go up to London, hav-

ing good hopes of success in his work of translation of the Scriptures, as it was understood that Tunstal, the Bishop of London, was a very amiable man, liberal in his opinions, a friend of Erasmus, and a patron of learning. When he reached the metropolis, he found that intense excitement and indignation prevailed, for Cardinal Wolsey, whose influence with the king and court was at that time at its zenith, had demanded from the Parliament a subsidy that amounted to a tax of four shillings on the pound upon all property in England. When Parliament refused this as an utter impossibility, this clerical Lord Chancellor of England summarily dismissed it. All London was ringing with indignation at the millions of money lavished upon an idle and profligate clergy, and whose benefices comprised a large portion of the estate of the realm. Tyndale sought to become chaplain to the Bishop of London, and thereby to secure his patronage of his translation of the Scriptures. But in this he was disappointed.

God, however, opened the heart of Sir Humphrey Monmouth, who, having heard him preach in East London, invited him to his house, where he remained six months, living so godly a life that this nobleman became his friend and patron for life. But he had not much rest, for in his books and sermons he exposed the errors of Rome and the dissolute lives of the clergy, and what, above all, was regarded as the most damnable heresy, the setting forth salvation by faith in Christ alone.

By the advice of several friends he left his native land, and went to Germany, arriving at Hamburg in May, 1524. Visiting Saxony, he met the great Reformer, Luther, whose strong faith and joyous spirit gave him fresh inspiration. Settling down to work at Wittimberg, he found one William Roye, a countryman of his own, who is represented as "a fickle, irrepressible bore, who must have inflicted torture upon his companion."

Every effort was made by his enemies to prevent so great a calamity as the circulation of the Scriptures in England. Secret spies were set about him, and he was hunted from place to place, but, despite all opposition, in the spring of 1526 the Testaments were in actual circulation in England. They were sold at thirty pence a volume, equivalent to about nine dollars of our money. That pseudo reformer, Henry VIII., under the influence of Cardinal Wolsey at this time, lent his aid to prosecute to the utmost those engaged in the circulation of the New Testament. The bishops issued an injunction that all copies of the New Testament were to be surrendered on pain of excommunication. Still the books continued to be sold and read. Some speculative printers in Antwerp printed a large supply on their own account, and succeeded in smuggling them into England. In blissful ignorance of the laws of supply and demand, the Bishops of London and Canterbury supposed that the surest way to get rid of them was to buy up all the copies in England and destroy them, and actually spent a sum equivalent to five thousand dollars in this purchase. Tunstal preached a sermon to a vast crowd in St. Paul's churchyard, after which the huge pile of Testaments were burned by the common hangman. Nevertheless the circulation of the Word of God greatly increased. Tyndale, in hearing of it, remarked: "In burning the New Testament they did none other thing than I looked for, no more shall they do if they burn me also. If it be God's will it shall be so."

Of Tyndale's other books space

forbids notice. They stirred the heart of England, and prepared the way for the great Reformation.

TYNDALE'S STATUE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

He succeeded in almost completing a translation of the Old Testament, which bears his name, although some of the books were translated by others. The papist party selected as their champion one of the greatest intellects of the age, Sir Thomas More, who was for several years Lord High Chan-

cellor of England—a man naturally liberal in his sentiments and humane in his disposition, and when on the right side of a question resistless in his logic. At one time he was the friend of Erasmus, and had publicly defended the right of the laity to read the Scriptures under certain limitations. In his scornful denunciation of his antagonist he descended to the coarsest Billingsgate.

Now that Tyndale had incurred the hostility of Henry VIII. by his book condemning the divorce and subsequent marriage of the king as contrary to the Scriptures, the measures of his foes for his destruction were pressed with fresh energy. Failing in their attempts to secure his arrest at Brussels, they tried to decoy him to return to England under the protection of a safe-conduct from the king. Tyndale, one of the most simple-minded and unsophisticated of men, quite unconscious of new plots to betray him, was at this time residing with a noble-hearted English merchant at Antwerp, named Pointz. The daily routine of his life is thus described by Bishop Fox in his "Book of Martyrs": "He reserved and hallowed to himself two days in the week which he named his pastime, Monday and Saturday. On those days he visited all such poor men and women as were fled out of England by persecution into Antwerp, and these did he liberally comfort and relieve, and in like manner provided for the sick and diseased persons, as he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of English merchants, who supplied him with the funds, and while he ministered to their physical necessities, he expounded the Scriptures and led their minds to the Saviour of sinners. The rest of the week he gave wholly to his book."

Two hired villains were now employed by his enemies. Henry Phillips, one of the greatest hypocrites on earth, by affectation of piety and sincere friendship for Tyndale, ingratiated himself into his favour, and accepting an invitation to dine with him at the house of Pointz, secured the arrest of Tyndale, and had him confined in the castle of Vilvorde, eighteen miles from Antwerp. His friends tried in vain to secure the intervention of the English court for his release. After an imprisonment of twenty-seven weary months, during which time he suffered much from the dampness of his cell, the want of sufficient clothing, and the lack of his library, he was put on trial on a charge of heresy under a stringent decree made at the Assembly of Augsburg in 1530. Sentence of death was pronounced. On the twenty-fifth day of October, 1536, he was led to the place of execution, tied to the stake, and then strangled, and afterwards consumed by fire. His last words, uttered in a loud voice, were: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." Thus perished one of England's greatest noblemen—one of its greatest benefactors. The blood of the martyrs is ever the seed of the church.

Walkerton, Ont.

A QUIET NIGHT.

Man's life is but a working-day,
Whose tasks are set aright:
A time to work, a time to pray,
And then a quiet night.
And then, please God, a quiet night
Where palms are green and robes are white,
A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow,
And all things lovely on the morrow.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

JOHN WESLEY.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.,*

Dean of Canterbury.

JOHN WESLEY AT THE AGE OF 23.

John Wesley found a Church forgetful and neglectful of its duties, somnolent in the plethora of riches, and either unmindful or unwisely mindful of the poor. He found churches empty, dirty, neglected, crumbling into hideous disrepair; he found the work of the ministry performed in a manner scandalously perfunctory. But John Wesley, becoming magnetic with moral sincerity, flashed into myriads of hearts fat as brawn, cold as ice, hard as the nether millstone, the burning spark of his own intense convictions, and thus he saved the Church, which at first had nothing for him but sneers, hatred, and persecution. He saved the Church of England, though at first she angrily and contemptuously rejected him, and, just as from the mouth of Socrates issued forth

> Mellifluous streams which watered all the schools
> Of academics old and new, with those
> Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
> Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,

so, from the impulse which Wesley gave, originated almost every form of special religious enthusiasm since his day. Thus he became one of the most disinterested of those benefactors of mankind who "have raised strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to our earth."

One great virtue in his character was that sovereign religious tolerance which is so infinitely rare amid the divergences of religious shibboleths. In the first century the heathen said, "See how these Christians love one another;" but, long before the third century, the "odium theologicum" had culminated in those execrable forms of religious virulence which, if "love" be indeed the fulfilling of the law, are the very antithesis of the Christlike spirit, at which all profess to aim who take Christ for an ensample that they should walk in his steps. It is a splendid testimony to Wesley's moral insight and spiritual greatness that "no reformer the world has ever seen so united faithfulness to the essential doctrines of Revelation with charity towards men of every Church and creed." This spirit of John Wesley has been found, theoretically at least, only in the best and greatest Christians.

I dwell on this high virtue of Wesley because it is so exceptional, and because it was never more needed than in these days. Writing in advanced age to the

* From Farrar's "Prophets of the Christian Faith."

Bishop of Lincoln, he said : " Alas! my lord, is this a time to persecute any man for conscience' sake ? I beseech you do as you would be done to. You are a man of sense; you are a man of learning; nay, I verily believe (what is of infinitely more value) you are a man of piety. Then think and let think." Again, how wise are the remarks in the preface to his sermons : " Some may say I have mistaken the way myself, though I have undertaken to teach others. It is very possible that I have. But I trust, whereinsoever I have been mistaken, my mind is open to conviction. I sincerely desire to be better informed. What I know not, teach thou me. 'Da mihi scire,' as says St. Augustine, 'quod sciendum est.' If I linger in the path I have been accustomed to tread, . . . take me by the hand and lead me. We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom. But if we die without love, what will knowledge avail ? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels !"

As another of Wesley's exemplary qualities I would single out his sovereign common sense, which is also an endowment much liable to overthrow by the violence of egotistical dogmatism. In his diary for November 20, 1785, he writes : " I preached in Bethnal Green, and spoke as plainly as I possibly could, on having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof. And this I judged far more suitable to such a congregation than talking about justification by faith." How free, again, from all hysteric excitability was the entire attitude of his religion ! Some one had been talking in an exaggerated and fantastic way about death, and asking what he would do if he knew that he would die the next day. " What should I do ?" he said. " Exactly what I shall do now. I should call and talk to Mr. So-and-so, and Mrs. So-and-so; and dine at such an hour, and preach in the evening, and have supper, and then I should go to bed and sleep as soundly as ever I did in my life." His feeling about death was that, so far from being terrible, it was man's great birthright; and he would say, with the poet :

To you the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life ; to me it is not ;
No more than is the lifting of a latch,
Or as a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent folds.

Again, it was no small matter that, in an age so corrupt and decadent as his, in which the dregs of sensuality and worldliness poured over the glorious England of Puritanism by the despicable epoch of the Restoration had reduced religion to a Dead Sea of torpid unreality, Wesley, like the great Hebrew prophets of old, should have stood forth as a preacher of righteousness. No preacher or reformer can effect good results unless he insists upon Christ's plain teaching that, if we would ever enter into the kingdom of heaven, we must keep the commandments.

It may be as I have said, that in talent, in imagination, in learning, in the pure and undefinable quality of genius, Wesley was not the equal of many of his contemporaries; but which among them all equalled him in versatility of beneficence, in zeal of self-sacrifice, in the munificence of his generosity, or in the lustre of the example which he has left to all the world ? Consider his supreme disinterestedness, his unparalleled courage, his indefatigable toils. How many have there been in all the centuries who made such an absolute offering of his money to God, and, living on less than many

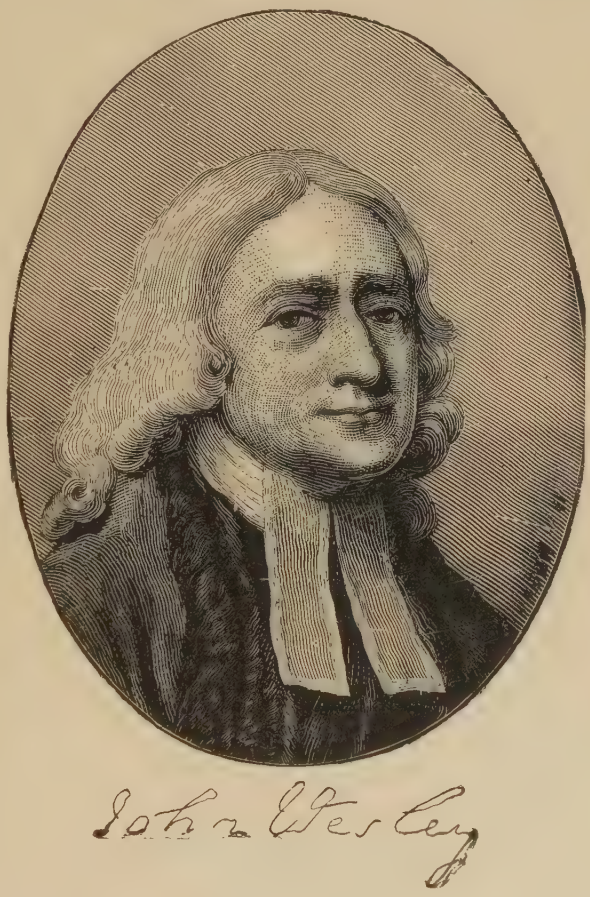
a curate's salary, gave away £40,000?

Consider, again, his unparalleled courage. How many have shown equal undauntedness? Men admire the courage of the soldier who heads the forlorn hope through the cross-fire of the batteries, of the sailor or of the fireman who, at personal risk, plucks from destruction an imperilled life; but such physical courage is a million times cheaper and more common than that of the scholar, the gentleman, the clergyman, who, in that age, day after day, month after month, year after year, in England, in America, in Scotland, in Wales, in Ireland, even in the Isle of Man, could, voluntarily and out of the pure love for souls, face raging mobs and descend to what was then regarded as the vulgar humiliation of preaching in the open air.

And higher even than this was the moral and spiritual courage which, in the calm of blameless innocence, could treat heroically the most atrocious and the most persistent calumnies with the disdainful indifference of unblemished rectitude. When even Charles Wesley was thrown into a fever of agonized excitement by the scandal against his brother caused by his wife's publication of stolen, forged, or interpolated letters, and wanted him to stay in London and expose the slander, John Wesley remained perfectly calm, knowing that no real harm can befall

> The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
> By a strong-sided champion, Conscience.

"Brother," he said, "when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I exempt my reputation?"



John Wesley

Then consider his indefatigable toils—those sixty-eight years of service; the 4,400 miles which he travelled yearly on the execrable roads of those days; the 225,000 miles which he traversed in his lifetime; the 42,400 sermons—sometimes as many as fifteen a week—which he preached even after his return from Georgia—preached mostly in the open air,

and sometimes to as many as 20,000 souls; those endless meetings, those burdensome anxieties, those numerous publications, that love of so many communities, continued amid incessant attacks of the mob, the pulpit, and the press, and scarcely ever relaxed till the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. Could a clergyman of any denomination, amid the work which, in comparison to his toils, is but ease and supineness, think it anything but an honour to profess reverence for the memory of one who so heroically lived and so nobly died?

Although the world and the Church have learned to be comparatively generous to Wesley now that a hundred years have sped away, and though the roar of contemporary scandal has long since ceased, I doubt whether even now he is at all adequately appreciated. I doubt whether many are aware of the extent to which to this day the impulse to every great work of philanthropy and social reformation has been due to his energy and insight. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London Missionary Society, even the Church Missionary Society, owe not a little to his initiative. The vast spread of religious instruction by weekly periodicals, and the cheap press with all its stupendous consequences, were inaugurated by him. He gave a great extension to Sunday-schools and the work of Robert Raikes. He gave a great impulse both to national education and to technical education, and in starting the work of Silas Told, the Foundry Teacher, he anticipated the humble and holy work of John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler.

He started in his own person the funeral reform, which is only now beginning to attract public attention, when in his will he directed that at his obsequies there should be no hearse, no escutcheon, no coach, no pomp. He visited prisons and ameliorated the lot of prisoners before John Howard; and his very last letter was written to stimulate William Wilberforce in his Parliamentary labours for the emancipation of the slave. When we add to this the revival of fervent worship and devout hymnology among Christian congregations, and their deliverance from the drawling doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the frigid nullities of Tate and Brady, we have indeed shown how splendid was the list of his achievements, and that, as Isaac Taylor says, he furnished "the starting-point for our modern religious history in all that is characteristic of the present time."

And yet, even in this long and splendid catalogue, we have not mentioned his greatest and most distinctive work, which was that through him to the poor the Gospel was again preached. Let Whitefield have the credit of having been the first to make the green grass his pulpit and the heaven his sounding-board; but Wesley instantly followed, at all costs, the then daring example, and through all evil report and all furious opposition, he continued it until at last, at Kingswood, at the age of eighty-one, he preached in the open air, under the shade of trees which he himself had planted, and surrounded by the children and children's children of his old disciples, who had long since passed away. Overwhelming evidence exists to show what preaching was before and in his day; overwhelming evidence exists to show what the Church and people of England were before and in his day—how dull, how vapid, how soulless, how Christless was the preaching; how torpid, how Laodicean was the Church, how godless,

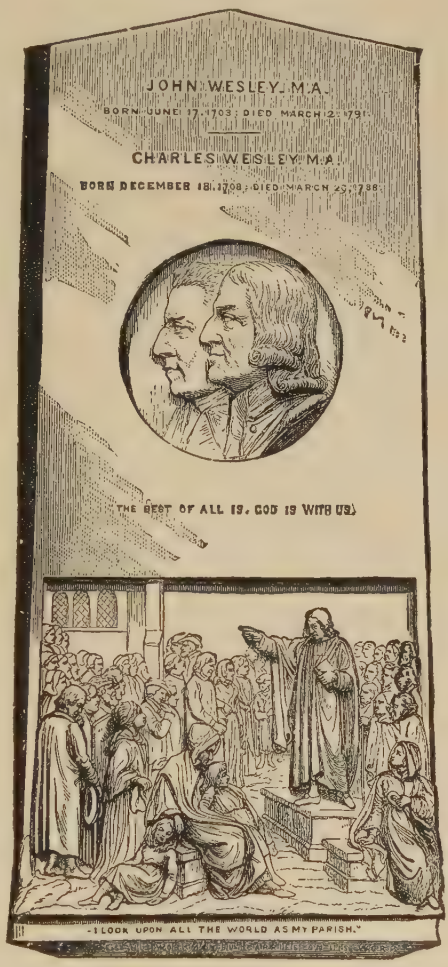
how steeped in immorality was the land. To Wesley was mainly granted the task, for which he was set apart by the hands of invisible consecration, the task which even an archangel might have envied him, of awakening a mighty revival of the religious life in those dead pulpits, in that slumbering Church, in that corrupt society.

His was the religious sincerity which not only founded the Wesleyan community, but, working through the heart of the very Church which had despised him, flashed fire into her whitening embers. Changing its outward forms, the work of John Wesley caused first the Evangelical movement, then the High Church movement; and, in its enthusiasm of humanity, has even reappeared in all that is best in the humble Salvationists, who learned from the example of Wesley what Bishop Lightfoot called "that lost secret of Christianity, the compulsion of human souls." Recognizing no utterance of authority as equally supreme with that which came to him from the Sinai of conscience, Wesley did the thing and scorned the consequence. His was the voice which offered hope to the despairing and welcome to the outcast. His was the voice which, sounding forth over the Valley of Dry Bones, cried, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." The poet says :

> Of those three hundred grant but three
> To make a new Thermopylæ.

And when I think of John Wesley, the organizer, of Charles Wesley, the poet, of George Whitefield, the orator of this mighty movement, I feel inclined to say of those three self-sacrificing and holy men, Grant but even one to help in the mighty work which yet remains to be accomplished! Had we but three such now,

> Hoary-headed selfishness would feel
> His death-blow, and would totter to his grave;
> A brighter light attend the human day,
> When every transfer of earth's natural gift
> Should be a commerce of good words and works.


JOHN WESLEY M.A.
BORN JUNE 17. 1703 : DIED MARCH 2. 1791.
CHARLES WESLEY M.A.
BORN DECEMBER 18. 1708 : DIED MARCH 29. 1788.
THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US.
"I LOOK UPON ALL THE WORLD AS MY PARISH."

MEMORIAL TABLET IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We have, it is true, hundreds of faithful workers in the Church of England and in other religious communities. But for the slaying of dragons, the rekindlement of irresistible enthusiasm, the redress of intolerable wrongs, a Church needs many Pentecosts and many

Resurrections. And these, in the providence of God, are brought about, not by committees and conferences and common workers, but by men who escape the average; by men who come forth from the multitude; by men who, not content to trudge on in the beaten paths of commonplace and the cart-ruts of routine, go forth, according to their Lord's command, into the highways and hedges; by men in whom the love of God burns like a consuming flame upon the altar of the heart; by men who have become electric to make myriads of other souls thrill with their own holy zeal. Such men are necessarily rare, but God's richest boon to any nation, to any society, to any church, is the presence and work of such a man—and such a man was John Wesley.

The memorial placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of John Wesley, more than twenty years ago, was a very tardy recognition of the vast debt of gratitude which England owes to him. It stands hard by the cenotaph of that other illustrious Nonconformist, Isaac Watts, and gives the beautiful presentment of the aged face of the evangelist and the fine features of Charles, his poet-brother. In the solemn aisle thousands of visitors to our great Temple of Silence and Reconciliation may read three of his great sayings—one, so full of holy energy, "I look on all the world as my parish;" another, so full of bright and holy confidence, "God buries his workmen, but continues his work;" the third, when, on his death-bed, uplifting victoriously his feeble and emaciated arm, he said: "The best of all is, God is with us." "Yes!" he exclaimed again, in a tone of victorious rapture, "the best of all is, God is with us."

THE LIFE FOR WHICH I LONG.

When on my day of life the night is falling
  And, in the winds from unsunn'd spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
    My feet to paths unknown—

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
  Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
    Be Thou my strength and stay!

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit
  Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
    Nor streets of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
  And both forgiv'n through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
    Unto my fitting place;

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
  Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
Where flows forever through heaven's green expansions
    The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
  I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
    The life for which I long.

A CENTURY OF MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. A. C. COURTICE, D.D.,

Editor of the Christian Guardian.

There have been three great periods in missionary enterprise, which may be designated as the Apostolic, the Jesuit, and the Protestant periods. The first covers the missionary labours of the early Church during the first one hundred years or so of Christian history. The second great period of missionary work extended through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and was carried on by the awakened Roman Catholic Church, roused to activity by its losses and dangers after the Reformation. The third period of missionary work is almost entirely confined to our own century.

For a long time after the Reformation, the Protestant Church seems to have been but little impressed with the duty of labouring for the propagation of the Gospel. Periods of very keen ecclesiastical or theological struggle at home are not most favourable to expansion abroad. The intensity of the mental effort, with the passion that gathers about it, seems to absorb all the energies and leaves nothing for expansion. The Church in such a condition is like the human frame suffering from brain-fever and heart-failure.

It was in 1792 that Dr. Carey, the pioneer British foreign missionary, preached in Nottingham his famous sermon from the text: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles," a sermon that led to the formation in that year of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. We must, therefore, give to our Baptist friends the credit of leading the Protestant Churches in this modern missionary enterprise. It is true that there were genuine efforts of a sporadic character before the nineteenth century, and it is true that John Wesley had the desire and the purpose to lead in this direction much earlier, but the time had not come. In 1738 he visited America to preach the Gospel to the Indians of the Southern States, but returned to make this confession: "It is now two years and four months since I left my native country in order to teach the Georgia Indians Christianity. What have I learned? That I who went to America to convert others was never converted to God myself." It was after his return to England that his heart was strangely warmed in the Moravian prayer-meeting, and it was not until after his death, which occurred in 1791, that Dr. Carey preached his missionary sermon in Nottingham.

In 1795 the London Missionary Society was organized; in 1799 the Church Missionary Society, and in 1804 the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society. The movement touched America. In 1810 the American Board of Commission for Foreign Missions was formed, and about the same time the American Baptist Missionary Society. The movement touched Germany. In 1816 came the Missionary Society of Basel, and in 1823 that of Berlin. In 1817 the Wesleyan Missionary Society was formed; in 1819 the Methodist Episcopal Missionary

Society of the United States; and in 1824 the first missionary society for Methodism in Canada. All of these dates are before the first quarter of this century had passed.

Wonderful as was the missionary activity of the first century, nevertheless, if we judge of a movement by the multitude of agencies employed, or by the greatness of the object aimed at, or by the results achieved, the missionary enterprise of the nineteenth century is more wonderful still. Compare the fields of work that are in view. It is not the one hundred and twenty millions of the Roman Empire, but the eight hundred millions and more of the pagan world, and nearly two hundred millions of Mohammedans. It is difficult to compare the agencies and results, but it might be well sustained by the evidence that the agencies and results of one single branch of the Protestant Church, namely, the Methodist, during the last one hundred years are fully equal to, if not far beyond, those of the Christian Church of the first one hundred years.

Consider these facts. John Wesley was born in 1703, and at that time—two hundred years ago—there was not a Methodist in the world. His death occurred in 1791, which brings us near to the close of the eighteenth century. By the opening of the century, in 1801, the Methodist Church numbered about one-quarter of a million of members and one million of adherents. This was the result of the first one hundred years of Methodism. What has been the result of the century just passed? World-wide Methodism to-day numbers 7,000,000 of members and nearly 30,000,000 of adherents. To measure the full sweep of Protestant missionary enterprise it must be remembered that Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Anglican missionaries have been sent forth by the side of the Methodist missionaries and have reaped successfully in the great harvest fields of the world.

What do the annals of missionary enterprise reveal to us? You may see the soldiers of the Cross entering city after city from the Ganges to the Indus, and from Ceylon to the Himalayas. You may watch them in the Eastern Peninsula as they open the Word of Life in Burmah, Borneo and Siam. You may hear them knock at the doors throughout China, and see them carry on a holy war by peaceful methods from Hainan to Ho-ang-ho, and from the Snowy Mountains to the Yellow Sea, and far in the interior you will find our own mission under Dr. Hart. You may follow the vessel of Commodore Perry into the port of Yeddo and see Japan open up to our civilization and become a new-born nation in commercial, military and educational matters; and follow the missionaries in their strange conflict in that land with Buddhism, Confucianism and modern scepticism imported from Germany and other Western countries, and among the workers you will find our own contingent under Dr. Scott. You may turn to the missionary conquests extending the blessings of the Gospel to New Zealand, Tahiti and Melanesia. You may watch the simultaneous attack of nearly fifty missionary societies as they penetrate and illumine the Dark Continent of Africa, giving the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and endeavouring to heal its open sore, Slavery, and drive out its greatest curse, Rum. You may follow the feet of modern apostles in lands where Jesus walked and talked, and where Peter and John and Paul prayed and preached from Jerusalem to Rome. You may see the

Protestant missionaries going to Mexico, to South America, and to the Indians of North America.

Pagan and Mohammedan and Papal lands come under your view as needing the truth of Christ. The idol of the pagan, the crescent of the Mohammedan, and the crucifix of the Romanist are the emblems of the errors that must fly before the cross of Jesus Christ, and the story of the conflict as it goes on is the most triumphant refutation of the ignorant or vicious falsehood that Christianity is dying out of the world.

A SERVICE IN THE TORONTO CENTRAL PRISON.

BY REV. A. BROWNING.

Bright, breezy and beautiful was the Sabbath afternoon as I drove up to the door of the Central Prison, in Toronto. The moment I entered the door all the beauty and brightness disappeared. I almost heard Dante saying over and over his famous inscription on the gate of his Inferno : "Whoever enters here leaves hope behind." It was a slight experience of what a lost soul must feel as the shadows of eternal night extinguish the day of God's mercy. I thought on John Newton, and said to myself, "But for God's mercy, Arthur Browning, you would not enter here as a preacher, but as a prisoner."

My reception by the officers was respectful, but formal, and I felt they looked on their prisoners as beings to whom preaching was an irksome superfluity. Crossing the outer room with the deputy warden, an iron door, opened and shut by a guard, admitted us to the "inner prison." Passing through a large and silent room, up two or three flights of stairs, we came suddenly to the door of the chapel. There was my assembled congregation, every man in his place, not a whisper disturbing the silent sadness of these waiting hundreds of imprisoned men. Perched on elevated platforms were the watchful officers.

I walked alone up the aisle, and then turned to face my congregation. I saw old men and mere boys, white, yellow, and black, but all alike clothed in the sombre garments of the imprisoned criminal. And the faces, O, the faces of many of these men ! Heredity, vice, sullen hatred of society seemed indelibly stamped on countenances which might have been Godlike and divine. The characters behind many of these faces came out very unpleasantly during our service.

I had conversed with my friend, Dr. Gilmour, the warden, before entering the prison. He spoke to me of the despairing hopelessness of the majority of the prisoners—of his efforts to assist them to a better life, and that some of them were so grateful that he believed they would almost die for him. Thinking to help such, I mentioned the warden's kindness and his estimate of the gratitude many of them felt towards him. Instantly there arose from scores of throats a fierce snarling growl, as if a hundred wild beasts had suddenly been disturbed in their lairs. I saw the guards start, and for a moment I was surprised. But I instantly recovered, and said, "There are evidently many of you here who have lost hope, and to whom kindness is a strange visitor. But some of you have not, and there are friends outside this

prison who will help such to a better life." Poor fellows, they felt ashamed of their strange interruption, and I pitied them.

The choir was made up of prisoners. The organist and leader was a man who has a past, and who, if dressed in civilian's clothes, would pass as a gentleman in any society. There were boys in that choir who might have passed as models to Raphael for his picture of the Cherubs, and there were coloured men in it who sang as if they were in a camp-meeting.

The choir had selected their own hymns. These were somewhat out of place. "From Greenland's icy mountains," and, "Let the lower lights be burning," were not such as I should have chosen. But somehow or other people in prison, like people outside, do not care to be reminded of their surroundings. Principal Dymond said to me when I was about to address the pupils of the Brantford Blind Asylum, "Be careful and not say a word about blindness. Bartimeus is tabooed in this institution." So these poor Central Prison men wanted to forget, and to sing the songs they sung in their days of freedom. But I, with my usual perversity, gave out, "Just as I am," and the Doxology.

It was in singing the Doxology I noticed the greatest emotion. Whether the sad conviction of the little earthly blessings they had to praise God for overcame them, or the memories of old-time doxologies came back like ghosts of lost friends, I know not; but faces strangely quivered, and one young man silenced into sadness was a picture of intense despair.

I preached to them of Manasseh —his godly father, and his descent after the loss of his father into deadly and desperate sins. The consequences of his bad life followed by imprisonment and chains, his thoughts of the God of his father, and his conversion in the prison, arrested my congregation; and when I told of his release and his better life, faces were lit up with a strange hope.

As I followed Manasseh in his trying to undo the evil he had done, but could not, the faces grew sad once more, but when I told them God was ready to blot out the past and forget it, as if it had never been, hope once more came back; and when at the close I asked all who had been benefited and were thankful, to raise their hands, almost every hand was uplifted. It was a forest of yellow arms, with hands stained with crime, but behind them redeemed men and the brothers of us all.

At parting we repeated together the twenty-third Psalm. These men in the "valley of the shadow" said it with a pathos which touched my soul. One prisoner's voice rose above all others; clear, resonant, like the tones of a bell it rang through the chapel. Instinctively I thought, What a voice for a preacher. Who he was I knew not, but I prayed then, as I have prayed since, that I might hear that voice in heaven. I said good-bye, and from hundreds of tongues came back a murmuring good-bye.

As I came out again into God's sunshine, a voice sweetly spoke to me, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," for, "I was in prison, and ye came unto me." A vision of Jesus Christ in the Central Prison rose before me, and I said, "O Lord Jesus, in the persons of these prisoners I see Thy pity and Thy love, and in seeing these I see Thee," and that service, so uncanny and weird-like, became glorified, and will forever be one of the most valued pictures in the chamber of my memory.

A TURNED LESSON.

BY CARRIE A. WILSON.

The university town had been in holiday attire for more than a week. But that morning the closing exercises were held in "Mason Hall," and the afternoon and evening trains had borne away the visitors, and most of the students.

Gladys Maxwell, the valedictorian of her class, after having said good-bye to her girl friends at the station, was enjoying a quiet tea with her mother. The blue-black eyes were sparkling, and the face still wore a flush of excitement.

"Well, mother," she said, "I have gotten through college, and mean to turn my education to account. You have taken care of me for nineteen years, and now I am going to take care of you. You shall not take one more boarder, and I am not sure that I shall allow you to even keep house; you need absolute rest, for a whole year at least."

Mrs. Maxwell smiled as she looked into the bright, earnest face, and said, "I feel rested already, Gladys. Now that you have graduated so honourably, a weight seems to be lifted from my mind."

"Yes, mother, and a weight is going to be lifted from your shoulders. I can take charge of the house-work all through vacation, and to-morrow we shall go over to Point Element, to see Aunt Helen. Dr. Holly is going over, and he told me this evening that he would be glad to take us with him. But three would be uncomfortable in the carriage, so I shall go on my wheel. Mother, don't you think Dr. Holly is lovely? I have met him several times at our college reception. He is a graduate of Harvard, and very clever and skilful, they say. Aunt Helen thinks he has helped her more than any doctor she ever had."

"Yes, dear, the doctor is very nice, and I think you had better accept his kind invitation, and come in the carriage. You will find twelve miles of cycling very tiresome, I assure you."

"No, mother, I am a strong, healthy girl, and must forego the pleasure of the doctor's society, in order to make your drive more comfortable."

When nearly home, on their return from Point Element, next day, Gladys was a little in advance of her mother and the doctor, when, in going down a steep hill, her wheel struck a stone, throwing her violently from her seat. The doctor was at her side in a moment. "I am afraid you are hurt, Miss Maxwell," he said, bending over her.

Gladys made no attempt to rise from a sitting position, as she smiled and replied in her bright way, "No, doctor, I am not hurt; I have just a kink in my back, that is all."

He looked grave, and said he would lift her into the carriage.

Gladys laughed, "Why, doctor, you couldn't lift me if you tried. You have no idea how heavy I am."

"Perhaps not; I shall have a better idea of your weight after I have placed you in the carriage."

"But seriously, doctor, you couldn't lift me, just give me your hand, and I can walk to the carriage."

He complied with her request. She made an attempt to rise, but sank back with a look of pain. "I don't believe I can rise, doctor. What shall I do?"

He lifted her carefully and set her in the carriage, made a cushion of his coat and placed it at her back, then gave the reins to Mrs. Maxwell, and brought the wheel himself.

When they arrived at home, another doctor was called in for consultation, and it was found that her injuries were of a more serious nature than even Dr. Holly had anticipated.

When they were leaving Gladys said, "How long shall I have to sit here, doctors? Is my case a serious one?"

"Trust yourself to us, and don't worry, and we will get you out of that chair just as soon as possible," was the evasive reply.

"If you promise to have me about before college reopens I shall promise not to worry; but, you know, I must go to work then."

Dr. Marsh was looking for his gloves, and made no reply. Dr. Holly looked for a moment into the sweet, eager face, with a swift,

crushing sense of his own inability to help her, then, smiling, bowed, and left the room.

Mrs. Maxwell followed the doctors to the door, and then found it necessary to go out and train a stray honeysuckle. When she came in Gladys looked at her inquiringly. Mrs. Maxwell smiled and said, "Well, dear, what is it?"

"Did you ask the doctors if my case is a bad one?"

"Yes, I did, but they said they could tell me better in a week or ten days. But, then, I hope you will be so much better by that time that we shall not require to be told that it is not a serious case."

"But, mother, if I should have to sit here for years, like persons about whom I have read, could you bear it? I am sure I could not."

"Yes, darling, I could bear it; but we will not talk about these things to-night, and to-morrow you will feel better."

Dr. Holly called the next morning, and was unusually pleasant and interesting. He exerted himself without seeming to do so, to amuse his patient, and draw her mind from herself. And Gladys asked no more questions with regard to her condition, but waited patiently till the tenth day, then, as the doctor was making ready to go, she said, "Doctor, have you not one word of hope to give me this morning?"

Turning, he saw that her eyes were full of tears, and knew that a great struggle must be going on within, for strong, buoyant natures like hers seldom indulge in tears. He came back and stood by her chair. "Miss Maxwell," he said, "there have been moments in my short experience as a physician, when I have desired, with intense desire, to be endued with supernatural power, and this is one of those moments."

"Doctor, it is very kind of you to feel so deeply for me, and shall I understand you to mean that no power but the supernatural can give me strength again?"

"Not quite that, Miss Maxwell, but had I the power I would give you back your strength this moment—whereas, you may have to wait months, perhaps years."

Gladys looked at him in a dazed manner, and made no attempt to speak.

He noted this, and continued, "It is well that I have not this power, for if I had I might use it unwisely. Infinite power requires infinite wisdom, and had I the wisdom I might not use the power in this case. Can you not, dear girl, leave what you cannot understand to Him, who has all wisdom as well as all power?"

If he had been a minister, or even one of the college professors, Gladys would not have been surprised. But Dr. Holly, young and ambitious, whose very profession precluded the probability of him taking this view of her case. Was he just prescribing this consolation as he would a morphine pill, or was he giving it as the result of personal conviction? One look into the calm, earnest face convinced her that he felt the truth of what he had said.

"Doctor, you don't know how much you have comforted me, nor how much I feel ashamed of myself for having been so rebellious. But I did so much want to help mother; she has done so much for me." Here the tears would have their way, and burying her face in the cushions, she gave expression to all the pent-up feeling of the last ten days, in a passionate fit of weeping. When her overtaxed nerves had found relief, and she raised her head, the doctor, who had been slowly pacing back and forth in the room, said, "I was glad to see those tears, I know the worst is over now."

After the doctor's departure she sat long with closed eyes, thinking. When Mrs. Maxwell came in to place dinner on the table, she thought Gladys was sleeping, and moved about gently. Presently she opened her eyes and said, "Mother, I suppose you know that the doctor's opinion has confirmed what I have feared all along?"

"Yes, darling, I know it," replied her mother, trying hard to steady her voice.

"Mother, do you think it is because I have been very wicked, that God has permitted this affliction to come?"

"Not because you have been wicked, Gladys, but it may be because you have been thoughtless. He is going to give you time to think now."

"You think that God is going to give me a post-graduate course in His school?" said Gladys, smiling faintly.

"Yes, dear, I am glad that you see it in this light. I was afraid that at first you would only see the bitter side of this trial."

"That was all I could see, mother, till Dr. Holly showed me the other side."

"Did he?" said Mrs. Maxwell, surprise and pleasure in her voice. "The doctor is a grand man," continued she. "I don't know how we could get along without him now. He is going to send to Boston for an invalid's chair, so you can be wheeled about."

"That is very kind of him, mother, but those chairs are expensive, and I may not need it long. Don't you think that if I am apt to learn and studious, God will get me through this course just as quickly as ever He can?"

"Yes, Gladys, I am sure He will," replied her mother, tenderly kissing the sweet, thoughtful face.

When the doctor called next morning, he found his patient in a calmer frame of mind, and not suffering as much physical pain as usual. "Would you like to sit out on the piazza for an hour?" he asked. "The sun is strength-giving, and the rain last night is causing every leaf and flower to send forth their sweetest smell. In a word, all nature is perfect this morning."

"I should like very much to go out," she said, frankly; "but how could I get in again? or how could I get out for that matter?" she added, quickly, her cheeks flushing crimson.

"Shall we let those questions wait for their answers?" he said, as he busied himself with arranging cushions in another chair, after the chair was set on the piazza.

"Now, if you will permit me to place you in that chair, one of your questions will be answered. Just think of me as your physician, whose orders must be obeyed," he added gently, as he noticed the flushed cheeks and hesitating manner.

"But, doctor, I am more troublesome than patients generally are, and I am sure it must tire you to lift me."

"The only way you will be troublesome—with the emphasis on you—would be by refusing to comply with my wishes; and as to your weight tiring me, it does not in the least. Is that satisfactory?" smiling down on the bright, upturned face.

She gave him an answering smile, and permitted herself to be placed in the chair. When he had made her comfortable, and was down the steps, he turned, and said, in his grave, pleasing way, "I will call round and answer the other question in an hour or two."

Nature, in her beautiful June robe, had not power to hold Gladys' attention for long. She could not help thinking about the change that had taken place during the last two weeks, and wondering if the independent, wilful girl, of two weeks ago, could be identical with the helpless, dependent girl, to whom Dr. Holly's wish was law; and yet, so thoroughly womanly was her nature, that she buried her brown head deep in the cushions, and closed her eyes in sweet contentment.

Summer passed away. The college classes were re-formed. Another occupied the situation which Gladys had expected to fill. Her old friends came to see her, chatted, laughed and sympathized with her. And still she sat in her chair, with little or no improvement in her condition. Dr. Marsh thought it better to take her to the hospital. To this Gladys cheerfully acquiesced, as there was a possibility that she might be benefited. While at the hospital she was frequently visited by her mother and Dr. Holly. But at the end of six months, as there was no apparent improvement in her condition, she was brought home again.

"Commencement Day" was again drawing near, and she was sitting one evening with closed eyes (her favourite attitude when thinking) reviewing the past year, when two of her girl friends came in. After giving her all the latest college news, Mary Lecester said, "Isn't it just mean of Dr. Holly to go home to Dartmouth to get a wife, and so many nice girls here? I feel indignant, for my part."

Poor Gladys, had she had the strength and buoyancy she possessed two years ago, could have made some bright remark that would have served as a covert for her feelings, but as it was, every trace of colour fled from her face, and her mind, for the moment, refused to act. Like one in a dream, she heard Alice Graham say,

"Why, Mary, he cannot help that, he was engaged before he came here. Has been engaged for two or three years, they say."

At length Gladys recovered herself sufficiently to ask, "Have you heard who the young lady is?"

"Yes, she is a Miss McArthur. I

presume she has lots of money. All the McArthurs whom I know are wealthy."

"Well," said Gladys, gently. "I think she will get a good husband. I know the doctor has been very kind to me since I have been an invalid."

The next morning the doctor was surprised to find his patient in a high fever, and suffering from a severe headache. "Why, Miss Maxwell, what is the matter?" he said, as he felt her pulse, and laid his hand on her throbbing brow.

"Nothing, I guess, doctor, but a headache," replied Gladys, trying to seem careless.

"Has nothing unusual occurred to agitate her?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Maxwell.

"I can think of nothing, doctor. Miss Lecester and Miss Graham were in last evening while I was out, and when I came home Gladys looked very tired, and went right to bed."

Such a power has love to quicken the perceptions, that the doctor immediately connected this with the fact that later in the evening, when he met Miss Lecester, she had playfully asked him when he was going to Dartmouth, and if that all-important event was going to take place soon. He had not been aware that his engagement was generally known until then, though he had taken no pains to conceal it. But Dartmouth being his home, the occasional visits he made there aroused no suspicion.

"Did you sleep any last night?" he asked, in a tender, subdued voice.

"A little, I think, doctor."

He said no more, but stood gently passing his hand over the hot brow, until soothed and thrilled by the light, measured touch, she fell asleep. Then he laid his hand for a moment caressingly on the flushed cheek, and went out.

Going directly to his office he locked the door behind him, and sank into a chair, saying to himself, "Can it be possible that the dear girl cares so much for me?" While all the love for her that he had been trying to crush out of his heart for the last year, welled up, intensified by the knowledge that it was returned in full measure.

For more than an hour the struggle continued, his heart pleading on one side, and his conscience on the other. He told himself that he was not responsible for the love which he bore Miss Maxwell; it had come unbidden, in truth, he had striven against it. And yet, as a matter of fact, he had no right to give her the love which belonged to another, for, in a sense, he considered the engagement now as sacred as the marriage vow.

At length he remembered the question he had asked Gladys in those first days of her crushing misfortune, "Can you not trust what you do not understand, to One who has all wisdom as well as all power?" In the light of this, his duty became plain, he would do what he believed to be right, and leave the rest with Infinite Wisdom. And when he unlocked his office door, and came forth to his duties, he was a stronger, if not a happier, man.

On the morning but one before his wedding day, he called to see Gladys as usual. When he was leaving he said, "Don't think it strange, Miss Maxwell, if I should not come to see you for a week or two. I am going to Dartmouth on business, and may not return before that time." He had dreaded to say this, but as he considered it the more manly way to proceed, he bravely took up the duty.

Gladys was not surprised; from what she knew of his character she rather expected it. For a moment their eyes met in perfect understanding; each noticed that the other was paler than usual. Then Gladys smiled, and reaching her hand to him, said, "Please accept my congratulations, doctor."

He clasped her hand, thanked her, and went out; and with him went, for the time being, the last ray of light from Glady's life. The past had been fraught with disappointment, and she dare not look into the future, all was dark. The doctor's very strength and manliness seemed to be a necessity to her own weakness and dependence. She acknowledged to herself that it was he who had made the last year bearable, and in her disappointment and despair gave way to another violent fit of weeping.

After her tears were dried, she remained for a long time perfectly quiet, with her head resting on one white hand, and when her mother came in from the garden with a fresh bunch of roses for her, and sat down to her sewing, Gladys looked up and said:

"Mother, I shall have to learn it all over again."

"Learn what over again, Gladys?"

"My lesson; you remember after I was hurt, how I said that God was

going to give me a post-graduate course in His school, and I thought if I were studious and apt to learn, He would get me through as quickly as possible. Now I find that I overestimated my abilities, and have been a very careless pupil, and He has given me what Miss Havergal called a turned lesson."

"I think I understand you, Gladys. But along what special line have you failed."

"Oh, the old line, mother, of finding my greatest happiness in earthly things."

"Has the doctor been the means of your seeing this, too?" asked her mother, looking up with a meaning smile.

Gladys was examining her roses, and did not turn her eyes, as she replied slowly, "Yes, indirectly."

When the doctor returned he was as kind and attentive to Gladys as before, and she noticed, too, with a little twinge of pardonable jealousy, that he was apparently quite as happy. At her request he brought his wife often to see her, and although at first a little chilled by her cold, quiet dignity, Gladys learned to like her very much.

The doctor was very attentive to his wife, taking her driving, boating or picnicking whenever he had a leisure hour. And Gladys, from her chair on the piazza, gave them a smile and bow as they went by.

"What a sweet face Miss Maxwell has," remarked Mrs. Holly, on one of these occasions.

"Very," replied the doctor, carelessly.

When Christmas came they went home to spend their holidays. After a few days the doctor returned from Dartmouth, leaving his wife to enjoy a longer visit, and about a week after his return, he received a telegram saying that Mrs. Holly was very ill. Leaving his patients in care of Dr. Marsh, he took the first train for Dartmouth, and a few days after Dr. Marsh was shocked on receiving a despatch from him which read:

"Mrs. Holly died this morning of pneumonia; will not return before Saturday."

When Gladys heard of Mrs. Holly's death, she wept tears of genuine sorrow, for she had long ago learned to be happy independently of circumstances, and to regard the doctor as her kind physician, and nothing more. She had also learned to love Mrs. Holly, both for her own worth and for the doctor's sake. So the first time she met Dr. Holly after his return, her eyes filled, and her lips quivered, as she said, simply, "Doctor, I am so sorry."

A few weeks later she and her mother were surprised by the doctor telling them that he had decided to go to Germany in a few days.

"How long do you expect to be absent?" inquired Mrs. Maxwell.

"Probably five or six months. My object in going is, first, to consult some of the leading physicians there with regard to Miss Maxwell's case; and, second, to take special studies in certain branches of my profession. I will keep you informed as to my success, and shall probably send directions with regard to treatment."

"You are very kind, doctor. I don't know how we can ever repay you for what you have done for Gladys already."

"I only regret," he replied, "that I have been unable to do more."

Gladys, who had grown strangely self-conscious of late, did not trust herself to speak, but, as the doctor was going out she raised her eyes, and gave him one of her sweet, grateful smiles, and this seemed to be all he expected.

It was a very warm July evening. Gladys had been wheeled a second time on the piazza that day. She was still unable to walk, though much better and stronger in many ways. One hand lay idly on the folds of her white gown, and a blush rose which she held in the other, was not more delicate in tint than the cheek pressed against the cushions. Few would have known the sweet, frail, gentle girl who sat there idly watching the sunset, to be the strong, busy, ambitious girl of two years ago. Honeysuckles, climbing over the verandah, hid a view of the street, and she did not see Dr. Holly approach until, standing beside her, he said, "I am glad to see you enjoying this beautiful sunset, Miss Maxwell."

Turning her head in surprise, she exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, is that you? I am so glad you have come back again."

"Did you miss me while I was away?" he said. And then, without waiting for her answer, continued, "I missed you, and I assure you that I am as glad to get back as you are to have me come."

As he watched the blue eyes grow black, and the colour come and go in her face, he longed to take her in

his arms and tell her all that was in his heart. But, instead, his voice and manner took on a strictly professional air, and he questioned her about her condition, and gave directions as to further treatment. Then he sat down and talked to her for awhile about the places he had visited, and the people he had met. As he was leaving he said, "We will soon begin to let you stand for a few moments, and take a step or two every day. You will have to learn to walk like a baby, you know."

In three months she was strong enough to walk alone, and on New Year's Day was able to go out for a drive.

A week or two later, when the doctor was making one of his semi-professional visits, he said to Gladys, "There will be no further need for me to visit you in a professional way, but I have taken care of you so long, and your life seems so entwined with my own, that I don't know how I can live without you."

They were standing by the fire. As he paused, she raised her eyes to his, but they quickly fell under his earnest, steady gaze.

"Gladys, I love you more than I can tell," he continued. "Will you still permit me to take care of you, not as my patient, but as my wife?" He held out his arms, she stepped into them with all the confidence and sweet coyness of a child; and, looking up into his manly face, said, "Doctor, let me live and die here."

When Mrs. Maxwell came in a few moments later, and looked somewhat surprised, the doctor said, "Gladys has given me the right to hold her here. Now, if you can say that you will place your daughter under my care for life, my happiness will be complete."

"I would rather give her to you than to any other man whom I know, because I am sure you will take good care of her, and never let her ride a wheel again."

"Never," he replied.

And no one was surprised when it was announced later on, that Dr. Holly and Gladys Maxwell would be married during Commencement week.

Upper Keswick, N.B.

THE HYMNS OF CHARLES WESLEY.

BY WALTER MALONE.

What simple strains are these, to live so long,
To move so many in so many lands,
When self-appointed arbiters of song
Are all effaced like scribblings in the sands.

In dens of London, choked with sin and shame,
The beggar and the burglar stop to hear,
And in the night, beneath the street-lamp's flame,
The ruined woman feels a burning tear.

In mines of Cornwall, underneath the sea,
The grimy labourer hears their martial tread,
Their fervent call from coming wrath to flee;
Above the ocean thunders overhead.

Amid Missouri forests, dark and lone,
And by the Mississippi's turbid waves,
In nameless churchyards, bramble-overgrown,
Their converts fill a thousand thousand graves.

Among the rude huts of the pioneers
Those hymns awoke the wilderness at dark,
Above the cries of wild beasts, fraught with fears,
The panther's growling and the gray wolf's bark.

So I remember, when a barefoot boy,
I thrilled to hear thy wondrous trumpet-call
To Zion, and its days of deathless joy,
Its crystal river and its jasper wall.

And, led by thee, I saw its clustered palms,
Its shining summits with their diamond skies,
A Beulah-land, with everlasting calms,
And lilies wet with dews of Paradise.

These hymns have raised the peasant from the sod,
Have made the rude, half-savage nature sweet;
Haved reared a score of kingdoms unto God,
And laid a million hearts at Jesus' feet.

—*The Independent.*

DENIS PATTERSON—FIELD PREACHER.

BY KATE THOMPSON SIZER,

Author of "Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage," "Alys of Lutterworth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PREACHER'S WELCOME.

Spring had come back. The old rooks were building new nests in the trees behind Squire Patterson's house. In the dewy mornings larks went quivering upwards from the grassy fields, filling the air with an ecstasy of rejoicing. Primroses and other pale, exquisite wild flowers carpeted each woody bank and dell. Yellow and brown bees hummed over garden plots, enraptured with the wallflowers and violets that gave sweetness as well as beauty.

Spring had come back, waking new life and new hope. Everything seemed astir in earth and air. The green moss crept over the old scars in the tree trunks. Oaks and elms pushed their boughs a little wider, a little higher. All attainments seemed possible in that fresh, invigorating air; and Squire Patterson woke from his winter stupor of grief and dissipation, and felt with shame that he was not in accord with the blessed springtide.

In the dark days he had drowned his sad memories; the sunshine brought them all to light again. Everything spoke of his lost wife. She had loved the Spring with its waking buds and echoing songs; and as the squire walked about his fields, every tree and flower brought some word or look of his Frances back. He busied himself with his ploughing and sowing; it was in vain. These could not silence the heartache and yearning which came from the best part of his nature—a wound which God would not let be bound up till something better than this world's oil and balm was poured in.

He became what his boon companions termed "sulky." He refused to spend his evenings at the Chough and Crow, and when Larkins, the landlord, or Mr. Noakes, the Vicar, called on him, they met with a cool reception. Hannah was not ill-pleased with this. At first she had been glad of anything that would rouse her master from his sorrow, but latterly his goings on had given her much anxiety.

"The squire will ruin himself," she confided privately to Betsy, her fellow-servant. "The key is in the door of the beer cellar all day, and he cares naught for sparing and saving. 'Tis easier to lose a fortune than to

gain one; if the squire does not take heed, he will be the last of the Pattersons in the old place."

"Why does he not take a new wife?" responded Betsy. "That would be the best cure."

"Why does he not? Because he has not forgotten the last one," retorted Hannah, firing up at once at the idea, for she had loved her mistress dearly. "His very wildness shows it. And how can you speak of another wife, Betsy, when the grass is not yet green over our poor lady's grave?"

Betsy was silenced; and the faithful Hannah began to darn her master's hose and mend his ruffles, and try as usual to keep all in the old house as straight as lay in her power. Still she grieved to see the gloom that was the reaction after the squire's unnatural merriment.

"Master," she said, going out to the porch where he was sitting one fine May evening, sad and solitary, looking over his fields with an absent gaze, "can you find nothing to divert yourself with? There hangs your flute in the parlour; you used to be main fond of music once."

"Not now," the squire answered her hastily, "not now."

The tears rose to his eyes as he thought how often he had played to his wife. He opened his snuff-box, and took pinch after pinch to hide his emotion.

"They are making a fine racket up at the village," pursued Hannah, still bent on trying to cheer her master. "'Tis not fair time; what can it be?"

"I do not know," returned the squire listlessly.

"But hearken, master, they are ringing the bells," said Hannah. "It must be something out of the common. Perhaps it is a fire."

"A fire!" The look of indifference left the squire's features at last. "If so, I must lend a hand. In this weather house and barns would burn like tinder, and I am not the man to leave a neighbour in distress."

"No; indeed you are not," Hannah assured him.

"Tom," called the squire, as his man appeared in sight, "let us be off to the village. Something is happening there."

"Sure enough," replied Tom, far more excited than his master. "Just hear to the bells. They ring one moment and clash the next, like bells gone mad. What can it be?"

The two men hurried down the meadows and disappeared behind the hedgerows, white with mayblossom. Hannah looked all round the calm evening sky to discover whether red flames darted up anywhere. But no signs of a conflagration could be seen. She went back to her mending with curiosity unsatisfied.

The wild peals did not grow less loud as the squire and Tom ran along the path that led to the village.

"There's a crowd on the grass before the Chough and Crow," panted Tom, catching a fleeting glance through a gap in the hedgerow. "And how they shout! 'Tis the king's officers, perhaps, capturing some unlucky smuggler; or can it be a highwayman, caught for the gallows?"

"'Tis that, I have no doubt," returned the master, for they were near enough now to see that the constable, red and important, formed one of the group. "But the prisoner does not struggle; he must be a strange sort."

A strange sort, indeed, thought both master and man as they reached the excited, violent crowd. Apel, the church clerk, was there, shouting—quiet little man though he was in ordinary—with the loudest. Mr. Noakes, the vicar, brandished a huge cart-whip, and Larkins, the landlord of the inn behind them, aimed, as the squire came up, a well-directed handful of filthy mud, which bespattered the black clothes of the principal prisoner from head to foot.

Denis was a tall man, and easily pushed his way to where he could get a clear view of the proceedings. To his astonishment he saw no face with the bold, daring look of a thief caught red-handed. The prisoners, tighty held by half a score of willing hands, were two in number. The younger, a plain, honest-looking man, was dressed in the neat garb that a respectable town-tradesman might wear. The other was habited in the black silk stockings, the cassock, and white bands of a clergyman.

Denis Patterson pointed—to speak in that din was impossible—to the clergyman's attire, and glanced round inquiringly. Mr. Noakes' answer was to flourish his whip with a fierce gesture, while Apel, raising himself on tiptoe to reach the squire's ear, shrieked in a tone heard even over shouts and pealing bells, "Methodists."

The name conveyed no meaning to the squire. He had never mixed him-

self up with matters ecclesiastical. This display of wild fanaticism was a complete puzzle to him. But he did understand that here were two peaceable-looking strangers set upon at overwhelming odds, and the Englishman's inherited sense of fairness made his blood grow hot in his veins at the sight.

"Hold there!" he cried to Larkins, forgetting that his voice would be lost in the din.

The landlord was levelling another mud-volley at his unfortunate victims, and the ostler of the inn, growing bold through his master's example, ran forward, and, with a neat twist of his foot, tripped the clerical stranger up.

He fell heavily, being taken unawares, and was evidently bruised by the fall. But Denis, watching, saw no anger or resentment in his face, as he picked himself up with as much composure as might be under the circumstances. The squire was strongly attracted by this quiet fearlessness, a quality he himself shared, and now put to the proof. With one stride he was standing close by the stranger, and laid a powerful, protecting hand on his shoulder.

"Touch this man again if you dare," his lips said, and even the excited crowd could read what he meant in his attitude.

"Leave him alone; are you mad, Patterson?" cried the vicar, coming nearer, his ruddy face almost purple with rage.

But the squire was neither mad nor weak-willed, and a minute or two's resolute firmness on his part put a different complexion on affairs. The exhausted strangers took breath again. The constable edged a little farther from the prisoners, as the squire's eyes met his, and something of apology stole into his looks. Moreover, by the time the bystanders had grasped the situation, another, besides Denis Patterson and Tom, was guarding the obnoxious Methodists. Mr. Frant, the apothecary, who had been making ineffectual efforts before the squire came to allay the popular excitement, now took a place by his side; and the villagers eyed these champions with much the same astonishment that seized the Tuscan host in Macaulay's Lay at sight of the "dauntless three."

CHAPTER VIII.

GOD'S MESSENGER TO A STRICKEN HOME.

The angry vicar shook his fist in their faces, but it was no use. A nod from the squire sent an urchin up the steeple to silence the bell-clamour, and a great silence fell on the group. It was broken by Mr. Frant, with words of calm good sense.

"Come, vicar," he cried, good-naturedly, "it is not for you to attack one of your own cloth, is it? You are only lowering the order in the eyes of us all. Are you much hurt, reverend sir?" turning kindly to the unknown clergyman.

Before the latter could answer, a voice at the back of the crowd called out, "Papist! Jacobite!"

Mr. Frant was round in a moment. "Who is a Jacobite and Papist, this gentleman or I?"

"You, Mr. Frant, if you help the Methodists," persisted the voice, its owner thinking himself safely hidden among his neighbours. But the little apothecary was not easily baffled.

"You must pay my bill before you call me names, Richard Mosscrop," he retorted.

The ne'er-do-well, whose identity was thus unexpectedly revealed, fell into such a panic at this threat, and subsided into quietness so suddenly, that those around him were beguiled from their excitement into a laugh. Mr. Frant was quick to seize the moment of good-humor, and skilfully turn it to account.

"It is not your creed to leave bills unpaid, is it?" he asked, appealing to the clerical stranger.

"'Owe no man anything, save to love one another!' is the doctrine I preach," replied the other in his unshaken voice.

"Then we have not exactly followed your teaching," returned Mr. Frant, humorously. "Come, friends, I think to-night we have gone by the old maxim: Knock a man down first, and ask him why afterwards. As we have had an evening's sport, I should like uncommonly to ask these gentlemen the reason for it all."

He glanced at the strangers as he spoke with a friendly twinkle of secret intelligence. Of all there he alone knew (for the landlord had

not recognized in the wandering preacher the horseman who had ridden to his door the previous November) that the man before them was John Wesley. Wesley was not acquainted with his protector; but he caught the kindly glance, and understood that the little apothecary was not only giving him protection, but also a chance to declare his message. Such an opportunity was not to be lost.

"They have knocked us down," he answered pleasantly, "because they mistook our errand. We came to confirm our friends here in their commendable Protestantism and loyalty to the king."

"Ah!" The listening crowd gave a low murmur of surprise. Mr. Noakes had worked their feelings to the previous pitch of frenzy by representing the Methodists as emissaries from the Pope, Jacobites in disguise, and other dreadful things. Such calumnies were constantly heaped on the infant sect; and much of Mr. Wesley's precious time was taken up in necessary declarations of what he was not, while his life, had his enemies observed it, showed plainly what he was.

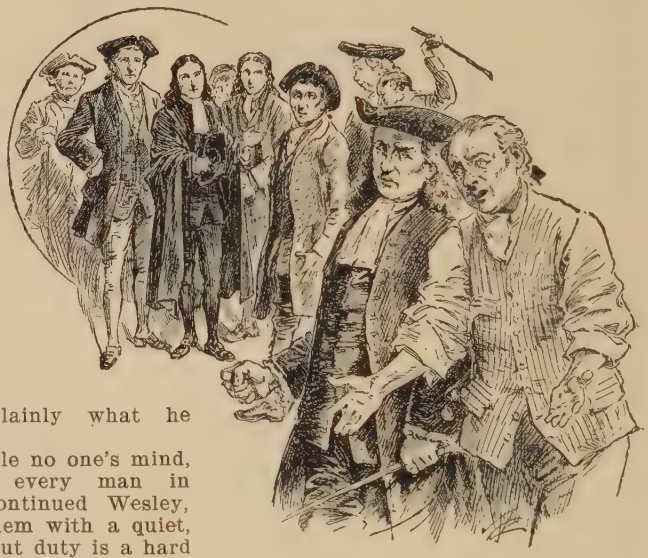
"I came to unsettle no one's mind, but to strengthen every man in doing his duty," continued Wesley, looking round on them with a quiet, benignant gaze. "But duty is a hard task for us all; we have many burdens and hindrances as we cope with it, and we fail unless helped by a strength that is divine. I had no wish, good friends, to stir up strife by entering your village. When I took my place on this plot of grass and spoke a few words to all in sight, I had your good in view and not your ill. I have travelled through far lands and read many books, and from these I have learned some things that concern each one of you. Can you bear with me while I tell you of these?"

"Be quiet," roared the vicar, lashing his whip over the speaker's head.

"Let the man have his say," cried good-natured Farmer Goodwin.

"Yes, yes," came in murmurs from the crowd; "we don't hear a great traveller or a learned parson every day. We listen to you quiet enough on Sundays, vicar. Now let the other have his turn."

Before this favourable mood changed Wesley began. With that marvellous tact and self-possession which were his God-given talents, he had plunged his audience in five minutes into the heart of an earnest discourse. He forgot the past rough handling, and his bruises and fatigue, as he saw the faces before him warm into interest, and noticed here and there a tear steal down rough cheeks. These Kentish hearers were not of



"I CAME TO UNSETTLE NO MAN'S MIND," CONTINUED WESLEY.

the emotional type that listened to him in Bristol or Cornwall; there came no shrieks of soul agony or transports of spiritual delight. But a great awe and hush fell on them, and even the vicar stood silent as the burning words streamed on. Women came out of the neighbouring cottages, and hung on the outskirts of the assembled crowd of men; and little children crept close to sit by Wesley's feet, encouraged by a glance from his kind eyes.

But on none of his audience was a greater effect produced than on Denis

Patterson. Wesley's voice and manner fascinated him from the first, like some holy spell laid on his long-distracted spirit. He listened as an exile listens to stories of home, or as a storm-tossed sailor hears the news of a port at hand. He saw, as Wesley drew the picture, himself as the lost sheep, strayed and torn among the briars; yet there hearing the voice that called him back to the safe fold. He did not need to be convinced of sin, as the old Methodist phrase ran; every day and hour of the last wretched winter had shamed him before his own conscience, and made him feel himself but one degree above a brute. But the remedy! That was new to him, and oh, the blessedness of the hope! He could regain his character before earth and heaven. He could once more be a man such as his Frances approved.

When the sermon ended, he laid his hand on the preacher's shoulder.

"Come home with me," he said; and Wesley, reading some of his story in his face, consented readily.

The astonished crowd parted to let them pass. Tom, the squire's man, and Mr. Frant followed behind, while the squire strode on between the two evangelists. Not a word was said till they had gone, but the vicar and Larkins exchanged looks of scorn and malice at the strange little procession.

Wesley moved along with calm composure. Already he had often been the victim of such attacks, and too often, alas! found them headed by those who should have been fellow-preachers of the Gospel. Therefore his late experience woke in him no surprise, but only strengthened in him the resolution to do his work earnestly when the intervals of quiet came. If his work might prosper, he was satisfied. Surely, the very enemies who were most bent on proving him wrong must have admired his fearless courage and unselfish zeal.

Hannah was waiting in the porch when her master returned with his two guests; Mr. Frant had left them on the road. To her looks of surprise, the squire vouchsafed little explanation, merely saying:

"Get beds ready, and supper. These gentlemen will stay all night."

Hannah, mindful of the hospitable customs of the house, cared for the wandering preachers in a way that must have contrasted with the treatment they often received. Wesley knew what it was to experience both hunger and cold in his travels. Once, at least, his dinner consisted of nothing but blackberries, picked as he passed along a Cornish moor; he slept sometimes with no softer pillow than a folded coat. Hannah's roast beef and pies and cream, the lavender-scented sheets in which they slept, would seem unwonted luxuries to her guests.

But material comforts had little place in Wesley's thoughts. He was up with the sun; and, on coming downstairs, his host found him standing by the window-seat in the parlour, with his hand on the little heap of books.

"They were my wife's," the squire forced himself to say.

"Did she read this?" asked Wesley, holding out a thin book somewhat newer than the rest.

"My mistress set more store by that book than any," put in Hannah, as she entered with the breakfast. "See, it is filled with her marks."

The squire looked and read the title on the foreleaf: "Hymns and Sacred Poems. By John Wesley, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; and Charles Wesley, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford."

He glanced at his visitor, amazed.

"'Tis one of your books; and I knew not that my wife had even heard your name."

"The book came from a travelling pedlar," Hannah told them. "She saw it in his pack, and valued it above all his ribbons and laces. My poor mistress was fain to be always reading."

Wesley turned the pages, deeply interested. There were marks beside many verses, but the leaf was literally stained and worn on which was printed the hymn beginning:

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

Here the dead woman's fingers seemed to have rested oftenest, and on this leaf, apparently, her tears had rained down. Doubtless, even though far off, she had seen the "beauteous light," and had entered into the "repose" of which the verse spoke.

"She died, when?" Mr. Wesley asked.

"Seven months ago—only seven months." And the poor squire turned away to hide his emotion.

"And she said nothing of her thoughts on this?" continued Wesley, still holding the volume.

"She was never one to talk much of her feelings at all," answered Hannah. "But that book was in her hands when she died."

"Was it? Why did not you tell me that before?" The squire clutched at it, as though no fingers other than his own should handle so precious a relic again.

"Then, doubtless, she has entered into God's peace," said Wesley, in reverent tones. "What said St. Augustine? 'Thou couldest not be seeking God unless He had already found thee.' And for you, brother Patterson," laying his hand affectionately on his host's arm, "make it your care to follow on where your wife has shown you the way."

The squire's feelings were too deep for utterance. But the link that bound him to Methodism became unbreakable from that moment. Love and influence last beyond the grave, and Frances Patterson was her husband's good angel still.

CHAPTER IX.

A GAY YOUNG MADAME.

"Give me joy, Bethia, give me joy; I have won the lottery prize!" Sophy's voice roused her sister from studying the big ledger in which the profits and losses (mainly the latter) of the bookseller's business were entered.

Bethia looked up to see Mistress Harry Marsden standing before her, more radiant, more finely attired than ever. She wore a purple satin petticoat, laced over hoops of enormous dimensions. Her bodice was of green and silver brocade, closely fitted to her slender figure. A little apron of pink silk fell coquettishly over the purple satin. Her hair was newly curled and puffed over a large cushion, on the top of which was perched a little hat, waving and twinkling with bows and bugles. In her hand she carried a fan painted thickly with roses. Such was the modish attire of a lady of quality in the middle of the eighteenth century; and no lady was finer, and certainly none was prettier, than this young Mrs. Sophy.

"How slow you are! I don't believe you understand yet," Mistress Marsden cried impatiently, as Bethia with an effort brought her thoughts back from columns of figures to her visitors. "I told you about it a fortnight ago. I bought a ticket in the great lottery over which the town ran wild yesterday; and, happy being! I was a winner. I waited all day in the crowd, and when 2,135 (my number), was called out, I could have kissed the hand that drew it from the urn. Only five pounds for the ticket, and I gained two hundred! Wish me joy, you stupid girl!"

"If you had drawn a blank, your five pounds would have been lost for nothing," returned Bethia unenthusiastically, for she had the good sense to disapprove of the method of gambling, then so fashionable.

"But I am always lucky," answered Sophy, beaming with smiles. "Every one cannot be, however. You should have seen my neighbour young Mrs. Throckmorden's face. She laid a wager with me that her ticket would win—her French lace veil against a pair of sleeve-links. If I had lost, I don't know how I should have paid for the sleeve-links; but that is no matter. Now I have the money, and shall have the lace, too. Poor woman! she turned green with rage."

"Don't take the lace," advised Bethia quietly. "You can buy veils in plenty with two hundred pounds."

"My sweet Bethia, I shall take it with all my heart. 'Twas a fair wager, and the money I won will soon melt. Like a good wife, I gave Harry half of it at once, to pay his debts; and some has gone for my own. With the rest what am I going to do? Guess!"

"She drew out a velvet purse, and jingled the contents temptingly.

"How can I tell?" said Bethia.

"Take you for a rush around the town; show you the sights. You shall be a fine lady for once in your life."

"O Sophy! will you really give us some of that money?" Bethia's anxious face brightened. "We need it so much. The children go nearly barefoot, and the season has been so hard that our poor, sick mother has been forced to deny herself many comforts she ought to have."

The past winter was the bitter new year of 1740—a season long remembered for its unusual severity. At Christmas the frost began, and did not abate till the end of February. On the frozen Thames the rich disported themselves with games and a kind of ice-fair; but the poor sat at home, shivering and hungry, for food and fuel rose to famine prices. To the poorest of all, the hand of charity was outstretched; but the privations of that winter fell heavy in modest households like Mr. Edmonds', where self-respect concealed their wants. All Bethia's resources had been taxed to supply the needs of those dear to her; and even her brave spirit nearly failed in the struggle. Sophy had not suffered herself, and her good nature did not stretch far enough to comprehend her sister's point of view.

"Oh, fudge!" she cried; "I was not talking of mother or the children, but of you. I should like you for one day to see the life I lead; and when you see how pleasant it is, you will not give me so many lectures. Besides, Harry is out, and Mrs. Throckmorden cross, and I want a companion. So put your bonnet on at once; the coach is outside."

"But the shop——" objected Bethia.

"Frank must mind it," returned the lively young matron. "Here, Frank, is a half-guinea. You will take Bethia's place, will you not? Quick, sister, I am waiting."

Sophy was not to be withstood. In ten minutes they were inside the coach, Bethia's shabby gown covered by a scarlet riding-cloak which Sophy had considerately brought, and driving through the sweet spring air. Dull and sober though Sophy might call her in scorn, there was young blood in Bethia's veins, which leaped up blithely when once the hard pressure of necessity was removed. Everything gave her pleasure: the sight of the great cathedral spire soaring into the stainless blue, the busy stir of Cheapside, the flutter of new green leaves as they turned into the Mall of St. James. The fresh wind brought colour to her cheeks and light to her eyes.

"I protest, Bethia, you are growing handsome. Give you time, and you would be as wild for pleasure as myself," cried her sister, catching her animated face.

Bethia shook her head, smiling. She thought of her sick mother and the many cares at home; more than time was needed to effect such a transformation, to say nothing of certain new feelings that had begun to influence her since her first, but not her last, visit to the Foundery.

"I declare I believe you are thinking of home still, and your patchings and cookings there," said Sophy, continuing to watch her. "Well, now, I will show you that I can think of home, too. Coachman, take us to the nearest toy-shop."

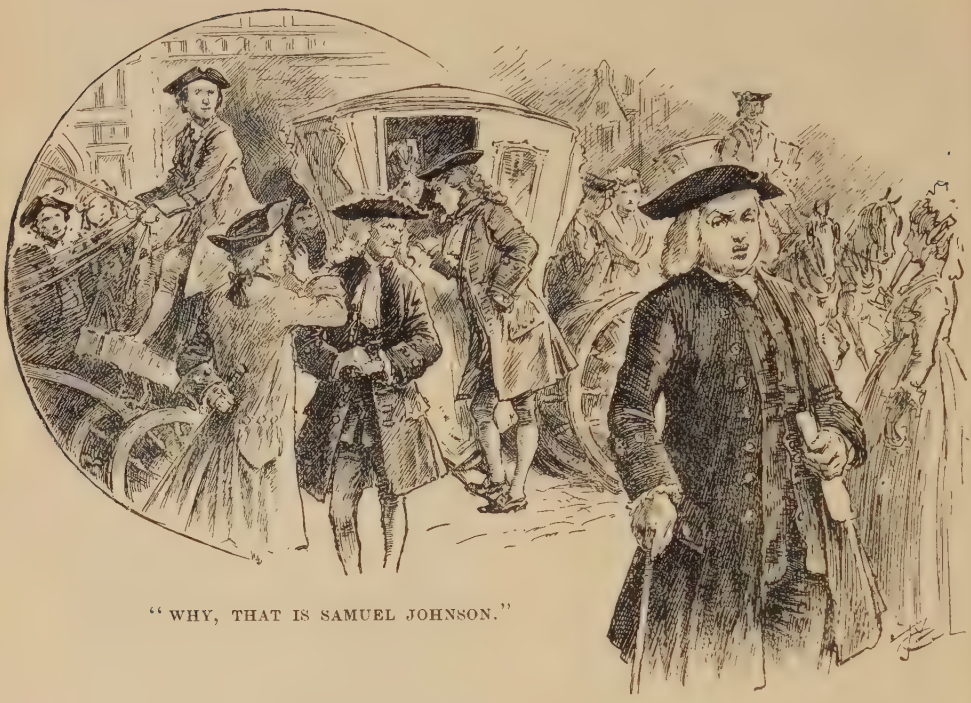
Bethia opened her eyes to hear the order.

"Why are we going there, Sophy? I am sure you have ornaments in plenty to fill your home."

"Yes, my love; but sometimes I can think of others besides myself," was Sophy's answer; and when they drew up before one of the fancy bazaars, in which ladies of fashion were accustomed to while away half their time, she gave herself earnestly to the comparison of yellow china dogs and green glass parokets, till she had found a gorgeous specimen entirely to her mind. Then she held it out, exclaiming:

"There! you shall take that home to mother. I would not mind having it myself at all; and 'twill be the prettiest thing in your house."

She evidently thought she was performing an act of the greatest generosity; and Bethia, unable to hint



"WHY, THAT IS SAMUEL JOHNSON."

that clothes and even food would be a greater boon to their straitened household, received it with the best gratitude she could muster.

"Now, back to the Mall," cried Sophy, "for I want to see the world before they go home to dine."

The gay dresses and gay scene were sufficiently novel to keep Bethia well amused, though she had not Sophy's personal knowledge of the passers in the shifting throng they gazed at.

"There goes Lord Ilchester, Harry's patron," cried her companion, much excited. "Will he see me and remove his hat? Oh, no; some other lady, a duchess, I believe, has claimed his notice at this moment. She may be much grander than I, but, Bethia, did you ever see a head-dress in worse taste?"

"Yours is certainly prettier," replied her sister, and the little compliment helped Sophy to forget his lordship's slight.

"There comes a sedan chair. I think a sedan is out of place among all these coaches, do not you, sister?" Mistress Marsden began again. "And who is in it? Mistress Throckmorden, I vow. And wearing the very lace veil she owes me. Well-a-day, I hope she won't tear or soil it before she gives it me."

Sophy threw herself back on the cushions to fret over this new grievance. A handsome young man came up to the side of the coach, and was at once acquainted with her wrongs.

"Do not anger Mrs. Throckmorden too far," he replied to his wife's outpouring. "I need to be friendly with her husband."

"Why, Harry, what do you mean?" was the surprised rejoinder, but Harry Marsden took no notice of the question. He asked the two ladies if they had heard the new musical glasses which were performed on in a booth at the end of the Mall. On Sophy's instantly professing an ardent desire to hear them, he conducted his wife and sister there, and afterwards to a chocolate house to drink a cup of the fashionable beverage. When they went back to the Mall, he busied himself pointing out the notable people whom they met.

"See that old, proud-looking man; 'tis Lord Bolingbroke, who was so great in the time of Queen Anne; and that is Lord Chesterfield, the politest gentleman of the times."

"There is some one I know," answered Bethia, pointing to a shabbily dressed figure, tall and huge, with ugly, powerful face. "That is Samuel Johnson, who comes to beg for writing from father sometimes."

"Poor wretch!" was Harry's an-

swer, without a second glance at the man, who, from under his shaggy brows was darting quick, observant glances at the crowd around. Ill-dressed, awkward, and poor, he yet bore himself with something of dignity and authority. Did he feel within himself a consciousness of superiority to the fashionable idlers around? They have vanished utterly, but the remembrance of Samuel Johnson's footsteps is still tracked eagerly along the dingy London streets he loved.

"Bethia, you are in luck," called Sophy suddenly. "Look, quick! there is the king."

An active figure on horseback appeared. Bethia looked up to see King George's II.'s blonde, regular-featured face smiling on his people. A few hats were raised, and a few huzzas echoed; but the loyalty of the eighteenth century was faint and small compared to the passionate love which is lavished at the feet of Victoria the Good. Some hootings were even heard, for Jacobite hopes had not yet been trampled out on the fatal field of Culloden. The king heard them with the calm look of a brave man, and rode on unmoved.

"He looks sadder for the queen's death," observed Sophy.

The day was one of rare pleasure to Bethia, and she privately confessed herself sorry when the coach drove up to the mercer's shop on Ludgate Hill, over which Sophy and her husband had their lodgings.

"Where is my baby?" cried Sophy to the nurse, remembering her maternal interests for the first time that day. "What, asleep! How little I get of the cherub's society! He is always asleep when I ask for him."

"Are you going, Bethia?" she said a few minutes later, as her sister carefully removed the scarlet riding cloak, and put on her own humble attire. "I thought you would stay to supper here, and advise me about the mode of my new gosling-green cloth cape! Selfish girl! you never have an hour to spare from your own doings."

Bethia laughed.

"Don't tempt me, Sophy. I have spent far too much time in pleasure to-day. Now I must go back to my duties."

She kissed her sister good-bye, and hastened away to wait on her mother and the little ones, and enliven them with an account of all she had done and seen; while Sophy, on her couch, yawned and took an hour to decide whether she was too tired to go with Harry to the assembly or not.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

BY BERTHA FERNE.

This learned I from the little wayside flowers,
That upward turn their faces to the sun;
We too may lovelier grow with faces turned
Toward God's Own Holy One.

The placid lake in simple beauty drest,
Reflecting forms of grace;
Tells me,—That close to Him I may reflect
His beauty in my face.

A little rippling brook in gladness sings
A melody of praise;
And so may I with gladness in my heart
Make music in life's maze.

Hespeler, Ont.

A wilted, thirsty, drooping blade of grass
Refreshed by drop of dew,
Tells that by beauty in my life
I may help you.

I see the fruit so fresh and beautiful
Clustering on the vine
While God speaks forth in zephyrs from afar,
"It all is mine."

I see the lightning flashing from afar,
I hear the thunder roll,
Thus God proclaims that—"All belongs to Him
From pole to pole."

God's goodness hath been great to thee;
Let never day, nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
—*Shakespeare.*

BISHOP NEWMAN.

BISHOP JOHN PHILIP NEWMAN.

Died July 5th, 1899.

The death of Bishop Newman removes one of the very foremost figures in our sister Methodism of the United States. He has occupied the highest places which his Church could offer, and occupied them in a way to add dignity and lustre to the office. Many in Canada will remember the massive and stately eloquence with which he swept vast audiences on a tide of noble thought, intense conviction, and deep religious feeling.

Bishop Newman had a physical and mental resemblance to Gladstone, and his measured eloquence, his elevation and sweep of thought were akin to that of the great English Commoner.

The first time we heard Bishop Newman was at Madison Avenue, New York. We purposed hearing two or three of the great preachers of the city that day, but after Bishop Newman's morning sermon we give up all thought of hearing any one else. The sermon was on the dream of Pilate's wife, and the way in which he admonished the merchant princes and leaders of the professions to heed the counsels of their wives, especially in religious matters, was profoundly impressive. It is no secret that he owed much of his own success to the loving sympathy and wise counsel of the elect lady who shared with him the long journey of life.

Our first personal contact with this great man was during one of his pastorates of the Metropolitan Church, Washington. Passing the church early in the morning we saw him enter his study. We followed and introduced ourself as a Methodist preacher from Canada. Nothing could surpass his kindness and Chris-

tian courtesy. Dr. Newman spent an hour in friendly conversation, showed us the treasures of his library and the many souvenirs of foreign travel, including the Babylonian brick which was carried a thousand miles on horseback from the banks of the Euphrates. At a later period we were the guest of Dr. Newman at his own summer cottage, at Round Lake, New York, and a very charming host he was.

Bishop Newman's was a distinguished career. He was born in New York City in 1826, of good Dutch ancestry. The name was originally spelled Neumann. After a short period in the Cazinovia Seminary he entered the ministry, without the advantage of a collegiate course. His first pastoral salary was a hundred dollars a year. He was a diligent and life-long student and more than made up for the absence of early college training. He was soon called to New York, spent a winter in study in Rome, and made a tour of Egypt and Palestine, the result of which is seen in his graphic book, "From Dan to Beersheba." After the war he was appointed to re-establish Methodist Episcopal churches, in Louisiana, Texas, and Mississippi. He especially won the love of the black people, many of whom would have risked their lives to save his. When he was smitten with yellow fever his black friends cared for him day and night with most tender solicitude.

He was thrice pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, one of the most influential in America. One of his successors in this charge was our own Rev. Hugh Johnston. He was also chaplain of the United States Senate during three Congresses. He won the warm personal friendship of General Grant, was his spiritual adviser during his last illness, and received him into the Christian Church by the rite of baptism.

In 1873 he was appointed by President Grant Inspector of United States Consulates, and in that capacity made a tour of the world. Some members of Congress thought this a sinecure office, with the opportunity of foreign travel with a government commission, and asked for a report. The report was prompt and full, showing a state of things in some cases which they did not wish to know. Another result of his Oriental travels was an admirable book on "Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh." None who ever heard his thrilling lecture of "Incidents and Adventures and Exploration in the East," will ever forget it. He wrote also on "Evenings with Prophets on Lost Empires," "Christianity Triumphant," "Supremacy of Law," and other books.

After thirty-four years' service in the Methodist itinerancy, Dr. Newman accepted the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Congregational Church, New York, which after two years he resigned. He was not a member of the General Conference by which he was elected Bishop—a most unusual honour. There were those who resented his temporary separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it was not till the fourteenth ballot that he received a two-thirds vote.

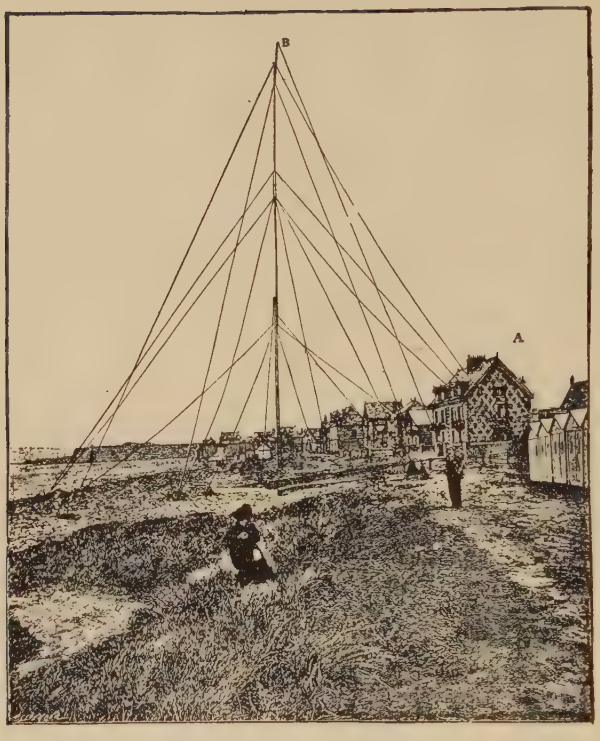
Bishop Newman was a great Christian statesman. His counsels to the young preachers were full of inspiration. His address at the Œcumenical Conference on Scriptural Holiness was profoundly impressive. He passed away while his wife and a few friends were singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." His last message to the Church, conveyed by Mrs. Newman after his death, was this: "Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you."

JOHN WESLEY.

BY SCHUYLER E. SEARS.

At Epworth preaching on thy father's tomb,
  And on the ocean teaching in a storm;
  Among the Cornish mobs that sought thy form
With violence to hush thy lips in gloom;
At Oxford kneeling lonely in thy room,
  There seeking holiness with pleadings warm;
  In church, bold; apostolic in reform;
By roadsides where the English hedges bloom;
  On journeys oft, like Paul; now wielding pen
    That warns, defends; now sending preachers forth
  To cities, towns, and all the haunts of men,
    And claiming for thy parish the whole earth.
  O zealous soul, the mountain and the glen
    In ages yet to come shall feel thy worth!

Science Notes.



STEEL MAST AT WIMEREUX, FRANCE, FOR WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

A, building containing telegraph apparatus; *B*, transmitter and receiver of the electric waves.

Wireless Telegraphy.

To send messages without a wire connecting the sending and receiving stations, says Professor Jerome J. Greene, seems to be almost beyond belief, but it is now a matter of fact, as was demonstrated when Mr. Marconi succeeded in sending a message across the English Channel, a distance of thirty-two miles.

It has been known for a number of years that electric waves are sent from a conductor when this conductor is rapidly charged and discharged in such a way as make a series of very sudden disturbances in the ether about the conductor. The waves are said to be propagated in the ether with the velocity of light, but their lengths are far greater than the length of light waves, and depend on the character of the spark produced at the discharging terminals. These terminals are always in the form of spheres of various sizes, from one inch to four or five inches in diameter.

The ether surrounding a conductor is made tense (strained), when it is quickly charged to a high potential; then when the discharge takes place the ether resumes its normal condition. The process of charging the conductor acts on the surrounding ether in a manner similar to what takes place in water when a stone is dropped into it—there is a splash which causes waves to go out in every direction. Charging and discharging a conductor may be said to make a splash in the ether which produces electric waves, and these waves carry the impulses from the sending to the receiving station in the Marconi system of telegraphy.*

The illustration on this page shows the terminal steel mast or rod with its guys in position, erected on the beach at Wimereux, France, in front of a small villa, in one of the front rooms of which the receiving and transmitting apparatus is located. . . Messages are despatched with perfect freedom from the vertical mast on the French coast to that on the English coast, and *vice versa*. The Morse re-receiver is used, and the message is written on the tape in the usual dots and dashes of the Morse code. . .

"At any time, no matter whether the sea be rough or smooth, the atmosphere clear or foggy, or the wind blowing a breeze or a hurricane, a communication may be established at will between England and France, the electric waves proceeding from one shore to the other from the mast that we have just mentioned to

* *Independent*, May 18th, 1899.

the opposite one which is concealed by the curve of the sea.

"Telegraph shareholders are becoming alarmed at the success of the experiments with wireless telegraphy. Eastern Telegraph Company's shares, quoted, a few weeks since, at 180, are now quoted at 160.—*Scientific American.*

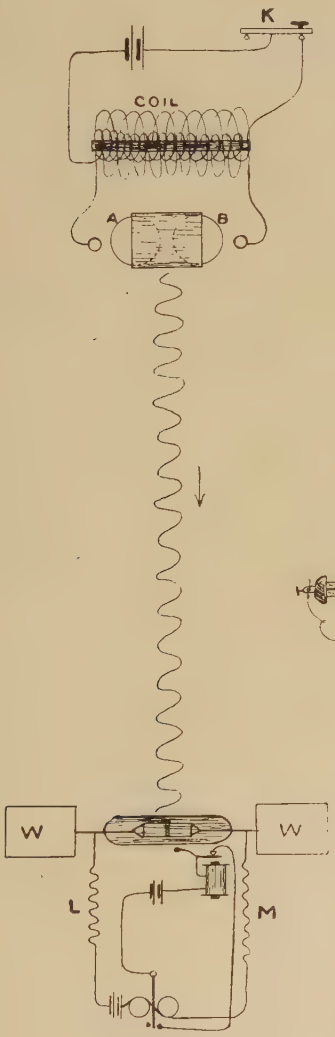


FIG. 1.

Two years ago Mr. C. H. Chant, B.A., of Toronto University, wrote in this magazine as follows :

Great interest has been shown during the last year or two in the experiments made by Preece and Marconi on signalling without wires. The former is chief of the British Postal Telegraph, and the latter is a young Italian who showed some of his apparatus to Preece and secured his co-operation in the experiments. The method used by these men is precisely that described above—by means of electric waves.

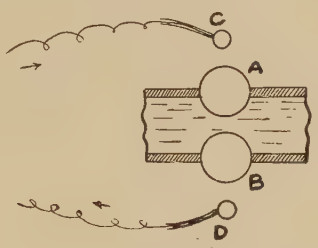


FIG. 2.

A general diagram of the apparatus is given in Fig. 1, the upper part showing the transmitting, the lower part the receiving, apparatus. The radiator is the same as that illustrated in Fig. 3. Its two spheres, A, B, are of solid brass, four

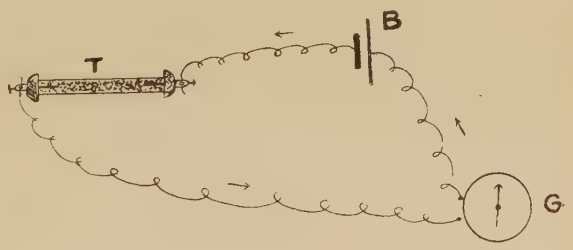


FIG. 3.

inches in diameter, each projecting into an enclosure filled with oil. The induction coil, shown in Fig. 1, which produces the spark discharge between the spheres and thus excites the electric waves, is a very powerful one, capable of giving a twenty-inch spark. K is a key for starting and stopping the coil.

Marconi's receiver is a slight modification of that in Fig. 3. It consists of a small glass tube $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, into which two silver pole pieces are tightly fitted, the ends being about 1–50th of an inch apart. This narrow space between the ends is filled with a mixture of nickel and

silver filings mixed with a trace of mercury. The tube is then pretty well exhausted of air and sealed up. Thus constructed, the receiver is very sensitive.

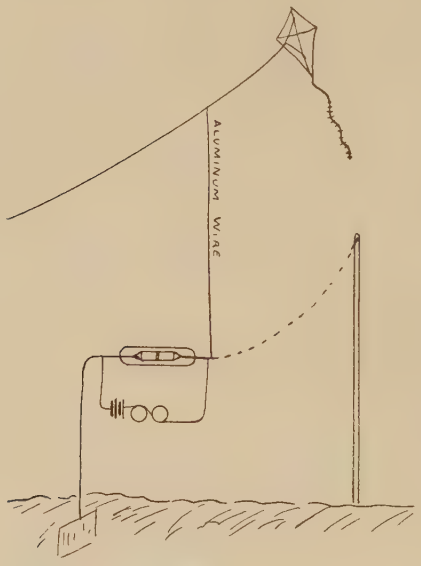


FIG. 4.

In place of the galvanometer in Fig. 3, is put a sensitive telegraph relay, which "clicks" when the waves reach the receiver tube. To "decohere" the particles in the tube and make it ready for a second signal, the current which works the sounder is also arranged to work a smaller hammer (shown in Fig. 1), which taps the tube and produces the desired effect.

For short distances, where nothing obstructs the passage of the waves to the receiver, no great difficulty is experienced in transmitting signals; but when the space to be traversed is great some new arrangement is required. Sometimes the radiator or receiver is raised to a sufficient height, or the expedient exhibited in Fig. 4 is adopted. Here the wings W, W, are removed and an aluminum wire runs up from the receiver to the kite. This wire has the power of 'picking up' the waves and sending on the disturbance to the receiving tube, and thus producing the signal.

Using these two instruments, excellent signals have been transmitted between Penarth and Brean Down, near Weston-super-Mare, across the Bristol Channel, a distance of nearly nine miles, and since across the English Channel, thirty-two miles.

Marconi found that his receiver responded even when enclosed in a perfectly tight metallic box, and this fact has given rise to the rumour that he could blow up an ironclad. The difficulty which might be experienced in putting such an apparatus into the powder magazine of an enemy's ship seems to have been entirely ignored.

THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE AT NEW YORK.

THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

To be completed in 1901, 118 feet wide, carrying six railway tracks and two unimpeded driveways.

The engineers in charge estimate that the new East River Bridge at New York will be ready for use before the close of 1901. When completed it will be the greatest highway bridge in the world. Operations were begun on the tower foundations in October, 1896, and if present predictions be fulfilled the structure will have been erected in five years, whereas thirteen years were consumed in building the old Brooklyn Bridge. This difference is chiefly due to the use of steel instead

of stone for the towers. It required five years for the construction of the masonry towers of the present bridge, while the steel towers will be made and erected in about a year.

The weight on each of the tower foundations of the old bridge is about 100,000 tons, while that on each of the new ones will be only 30,000 tons.

It is a striking fact, in the face of this difference in weight, that the new bridge will be four times as strong as the old one. It also will be 33 feet wider and five feet longer, and will carry six railway tracks and two clear roadways.

The enormous gain in strength will be obtained in part through the stiffening trusses, but mainly through the different uses to which the cables are to be put. In the old bridge the shore spans are carried by the cables. In the new bridge, the shore spans are to be supported by the towers and anchorage, the cables being only called upon to support the suspended span. This span will be 1,600 feet long and 118 feet wide.

The contract for the steel towers and end spans was let on February 23rd, 1899, to be completed on February 28th, 1900. They are now in process of making in the factories, and it is thought that the work of erecting them will be commenced in August or September of this year. The tower foundations are completed and the work on the anchorage is nearing completion.

The tower foundations rest on solid rock to a depth of sixty-five feet in New York and 108 feet in Brooklyn, below high water. The depth on the Brooklyn side is several feet greater than caisson work has ever been carried. Although work in compressed air is considered dangerous and is usually attended with great loss of life, there has not been a single fatality connected with this phase of the work on the new bridge.

The steel towers, which will rest on the masonry piers, will rise 330 feet above high water—about sixty feet higher than those of the present structure.

They will be surmounted by four cast-steel saddles, which will carry the cables, which will be 335 feet above high water at the top. These saddles will be the largest steel castings ever made.

The life of the steel towers will be greater than the suspended structure and should last through a dozen generations.

The estimate that the structure will be ready for traffic within two years is based on the following facts: The contract has been made for the completion of the steel towers and shore spans by March 1st, 1900. The cables, for which the contract will probably be let about January 1st, 1901, will be commenced as soon as the towers are completed, and can be finished in about one year, say January 1st, 1901. The main span and approaches, which cannot be commenced until the cables are completed, can be finished in less than a year, so it is confidently predicted that before the close of 1901 the bridge will be in operation.

The cost of the old bridge, exclusive of right of way, was $11,500,000. The cost of the new highway, exclusive of right of way, is estimated at $8,000,000, of which about $4,000,000 has already been contracted for.

About three hundred buildings will be removed, but in view of the rapidity with which the approach can be built, it is probable that the owners will be left in possession of their property until within a year before the completion of the bridge. There are to be six tracks in all for trolley and elevated lines, and the broad driveways are not to be impeded by clanging trolleys.

This is a feature of the bridge that will be greatly appreciated by bicyclists, who may have a path over the aerial highway all their own. The above sketch is taken from the New York *World*.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done,
And I, alas! have wrought no good,
Performed no worthy task of thought or deed,
Albeit small my power, and great my need,
I have not done the little that I could.
With shame o'er forfeit hours I brood,—
The day is done.

I cannot tell
What good I might have done, this day,
Of thought or deed, that still, when I am gone,
Had long, long years gone singing on and on,
Like some sweet fountain by the dusty way,
Perhaps some word that God would say,—
I cannot tell.

—*James Buckham*

TO THE CZAR.

BY HORACE G. GROSER.

On the Recent Imperial Edict Destroying the Constitution of Finland.

We heard thy plea for Peace, and thy praise rang round the world ;
We dreamed of a Truce of God, and war-stained banners furled ;
And the nations paused like men who stare at a meteor's flight,
Beautiful, sudden, rare, across their sullen night.

Many there were that joyed the gracious sign to see ;
Many there were that smiled to think such truce could be ;
But the voice of the doubters died in the pæan of praise that swelled
From the lips of a world that yearned for the respite long withheld.

And now, O ruler of men, while round thy council board
Statesmen of East and West are gathering at thy word,
Rings in our ears a cry from the folk of a northern land,
Stunned by the brutal shock of a pitiless new command.

Breaking the ancient bars of a people's rights it came,
Inexorable as frost and cruel as blasting flame ;
Laying its grip on the best, and calling from farm and field
The hands that garnered, content, the little their land might yield ;
Claimed, with a tyrant force that made thy sceptre a sword ;
Claimed—in the War-god's name ! the name by thee abhorred.

Czar, was it well, forsooth, for thy glutted army's sake,
That, now in this happy hour, a nation's heart should break ?
That now, when the vision dawns of men for the plough set free,
For the forge, and the fishing-fleets on the island-studded sea,
Thy fiat should strip the land of the manhood that held at bay
The spectre with hollow cheeks that stalks in the Northland gray,
And the bramble unstayed should trail where the furrows waved with corn,
And the gaunt wolf sniff at the door of the kine-sheds left forlorn ?

Already thy mandate knocks at homes untenanted.
'Scaped from the far-flung net, they have balked thy purpose dread !
Far o'er the Western seas, from the evil days they are flown
To the wide new Western lands where the knout is all unknown,
And the threefold cross that waves over leagues of frosted pine
Shall welcome the sturdy hearts that once, O Czar, were thine.

Yet would they cling to the old, to the clime that gave them birth,
Though bleak are the barren wolds and niggard the hard-tilled earth,
To the lake-side birchen groves, and the falls where the salmon leap,
To the fruit-tree shaded croft, and the place where their fathers sleep ;

And they look to thee, doubting, dismayed, for the justice that yet may be,
For the hand that is lifted for Peace to cancel the black decree.
Czar, thou wouldst silence the drums—yet a nation is slain by thee !

—*The Speaker.*

A FAMOUS SCOT: NORMAN MACLEOD.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

No "Famous Scots" series would be complete without Norman Macleod, a descendant of the Macleods of Dunvegan, Skye, gentlemen tacksmen, or farmers, who lived in huts and quoted Latin. Their sons, scant of cash, yet with the air of nobles, thronged the colleges, and thence went into the army, into the Church, or into the civil service. Of this class came Norman Macleod. The grandfather, minister of Morven, was for fifty years an apostle in spirit and work, as well as a giant in physique. His eldest son, Norman the second, was minister first of Campbelltown, then Campsie, and finally of St. Columba's Gaelic Church, Glasgow. In each place, by his preaching and spiritual power, he won hundreds to the better life.

His eldest son, Norman the third, was the famed Barony Minister. No common child this Campbelltown-born boy! If Cowley lisped in numbers, this wee man of the Manse lisped in stories, mimicry, and songs, to every one's wonder and delight; he led the "shore-boys" in expeditions in a punt to ships in the offing, where he got access to the officers and mixed with the men, and knew as much of a ship as the sailors. When he became a student in Glasgow he was nicknamed "the sailor," from his dress and gait.

Chalmers' lectures were like a trumpet voice that called him to a new life, a life that lasted through his natural life, and then bloomed out into everlasting life. He was the head of all his classes, and his scholarship was only eclipsed by his religious life. By Chalmers' influence he went as tutor in a family through Europe, seeing its sights, and not a few of its great men, among whom was Goethe at Weimar. At Dr. Chalmers' instance he obtained the living at Loudon, Ayrshire, in 1838, when he was twenty-six.

The parish of Loudon is a broad green-wooded valley, through which runs the Irvine Water so celebrated in song. On one of his first rounds of visitation he came upon a cottage where a number of women were met, not for gossip, but for discussing the deep things of the Shorter Catechism. They welcomed the young minister and began to catechise him, when an old woman set a cricket (stool) in the midst, saying, "sit doon and gang ower the fundamentals." It is satisfactory to know that they passed him as "soond."

The crowded church, even on week evenings, the Sunday-schools, the prayer-meetings, the reformed lives of many, the provision for the needy, all told of the good work which he did, and did with his might. The Disruption agitation was shaking Scotland just then, but the young Loudon minister kept out of it. "I wished to keep out of their *row*, and do my Master's work and will in my dear, dear parish," but when the crisis came—Go out, or stop in, he took his side and stayed. At a large non-intrusion meeting in Loudon he spoke for three hours and a half, and not a soul moved; his session and people stayed with him. He had "calls" from some of the best parishes in Scotland, but he heeded none of them save Dalkeith's.

His eight years' work here was on a par with his life and work in Loudon. It was considered to be so important to vindicate the action of the Church in America that he was sent as deputy through Canada and the States. Who so fit to do this among the Highland exiles in America as this brave, eloquent son of the Macleods of Morven? The Evangelical Alliance was then in the ascendant, attracting the evangelical religionists of Europe and America, and no one took up the movement more enthusiastically than the Scottish Dalkeith minister. It was here he got to know and love his friend Macintosh, whose life he wrote as "The Earnest Student." In half the size it would have been a most interesting biography. The

Student's sister became the biographer's devoted wife.

The next twenty-one years, from 1851 to 1872, were spent in one of the most important charges in the Church of Scotland, the Barony Parish, Glasgow. Of his work here it would exhaust a volume to tell. Some of the best men in Glasgow joined and co-operated with him as leaders of his army of workers, and he was the chief worker himself. If he sent others, he also went himself; his catching enthusiasm pervaded the entire organization.

The old Barony church was a huge, hideous barn, happily demolished now; but it was a sight in those days to "see him in the pulpit, a man of magnetic presence, and entirely without airs and graces; intense in look and voice, as natural in utterance as one conversing with friends; not an orator, conscious of his periods and tones, but an envoy, too full of thrilling tidings to have a thought of himself. The effect was great, at times tremendous. Strangers could only get in after the first psalm, and then perchance only to stand.

His winter Sunday evening sermons in the Barony Institute to working people in working clothes were his great success. The door was guarded that no "gent" got in, a good few borrowed "a suit of moleskins" to get in. His was a large, tender heart; animals liked him, children clung about him, lads never forgot his hands placed upon their heads and his kindly word. He never gave the worst up; he was constant in his service to Pritchard, the poisoner, and accompanied him onto the scaffold. By the magic of love and sympathy he opened the hardest hearts. The working people of Glasgow knew Norman as their true friend. As editor and author, he earned a fame beyond Glasgow and beyond Scotland. Of the former *Good Words* speaks yet; of the latter, "Scenes of a Highland Parish" is the best, though the chapters of "Jock Ha," in "The Starling," are touches of undoubted genius. Nor will the reader of "The Old Lieutenant," who overlooks its defects, lay it down till he reaches the last page.

Every one knows Norman's influence with and power for good over the Queen. She felt, as the common centre of Townhead felt, the witchery of his personality, or rather the power of his sympathy and love. How familiar the Queen's words in her journal are, "The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying after his mention of us, 'Bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted." In her great bereavement no one comforted her like Norman; and in her brighter seasons he read Burns, or told some good story in the richest Doric. He always brought good cheer, whether in palace or cottage.

But to no cause did he give more of his best self than to Indian Missions. Even when it was a question of life or death, he would go out to India to see for himself and to help. I have read more than once his address of two hours' duration in the Assembly on his return, and a nobler apologia of missions was never uttered. In 1869 the General Assembly of his Church honoured itself by making him its Moderator, and he made one of the great Moderators of the Church of Scotland. In three years he was not, for God took him. His funeral was the most imposing ever seen in Glasgow. The rich and great were there, but after all it was the funeral of "the people's friend." Four or five years after I stood in the crowd to witness the unveiling of his statue, just by the Barony Church, and to see the emotions and hear the affecting expressions of his old and poor parishioners was a thing I shall never forget.—E. H. G.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

Why, mean you by this weeping
To break my very heart?
We both are in Christ's keeping,
And therefore cannot part.

You there—I here—though severed,
We still at heart are one:
I only just in sunshine,
The shadows scarcely gone.

What if the clouds surround you?
You can the brightness see:
'Tis only just a little way
That leads from you to me.

I was so very weary,
Surely you could not mourn,
That I a little sooner
Should lay my burden down.

Then weep not, weep not, darling,
God wipes away all tears;
'Tis only "yet a little while,"
Though you may call it—years.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.*

It is a good omen that the question, "How the other half lives" is attracting such earnest attention. From the issue of Mayhew's books on "London Labour and the London Poor," many important studies of this social and economic problem have appeared. None of these have been in such good literary form or of such dramatic interest as Mr. Whiteing's story. The author is a successful London journalist and a pastmaster in his craft. He writes with a vigour and vivacity that at once rivet the attention and hold it to the very end. The book has elicited a chorus of praise on both sides of the sea. The American issue reached the fifth edition in three months.

The hero, who writes in the first person, lives a sort of Dr.-Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde life—now a fashionable lounger in the West End, then a toiler in the slums, living on two-and-sixpence a week and earning it — except when he is out of work, when he starves. His picture of slum life is very graphic and not without a vein of humour, shaded by a tragic pathos.

Sunday morning in John Street is almost sadder than the drinking and riot of Saturday night. The vile Sunday paper furnishes the chief reading, despite the efforts of the city missionary and Salvation Army to supply tracts and *War Crys*. An athletic curate will box with the inmates of No. 5 on Saturday night if they will come to his service at St. Amanda's on Sunday. The Primrose Dames and Kyrle Society try to reform Low Covey and his kin with portraits of Beaconsfield and pre-Raphaelite art. The Hallelujah Lass is the most successful. She exhorts Covey to "Come and be saved—this very minute." He follows afar off, till a rough knocks the tabour out of Miriam's hand with a cabbage-stalk, whereon Covey knocks him down, enters the barracks, is prayed for, but falls a victim to the drink on his way home. Holy Joe is a poor and pious Scripture reader. His one principle of conduct is to do without, and in this he could give points to a Stoic sage. But he fails to rouse the conscience of John Street.

When our hero gets down to his last pence the pinch becomes pretty hard. The coarse food is bad enough, but the loathsome style in which it is served fairly nauseates him. Poverty and hunger cause moral deterioration. "The shorter my commons," he says, "the longer my loafing rests. It is so plain that nobody in all London cares whether I get work or not that I soon cease to care myself. My chief concern is how to glide through the day with the smallest possible expenditure of toil, either of body or mind. It is easier, on the whole, to go hungry and dirty than to fret. My nimble step declines into a stroll, and the stroll into a slouch. Aversion from the most necessary labours grows on me like an untended disease.

"Still, I am one of a sort of aristocracy whose luxury is one man, one room. Things are not so bad, after all. Over a hundred thousand have to herd two in a room; nearly ninety thousand live three in the box. Nay, they are still in thousands as they pig in seven to the four square walls. I hear things and see things that sear the conscience as with a red-hot brand. You may match any scene in Dante's 'Inferno' in the London of to-day. My very indifference threatens a moral paralysis.

"I have come very low by Saturday, my last day. I set forth with three ha'pence in my pocket, to tramp a stony London where no breadfruit grows. I buy a ha'p'orth of bread, take a swig at a fountain, and tramp the East End parks to kill time. It is a fine day; the grass is warm and dry; and I have my favourite Marcus Aurelius for a pocket volume. The hours pass in languor, but hardly in pain. I turn into a Salvation Army shelter, and spend my last penny in my last slum meal. Unhappily, I have not the money for my lodging. The poor wretches who sleep on the floor stored the oddest items of personal property, some of them relics of wide travel, or of gentle lives, old books, photographs—and a baby's shoe."

The Queen's Jubilee brings into sharpest contrast the luxury of the rich and poverty of the poor. 'Tilda, the coster girl, decorates at her own expense the children's table, and wins the commendation of the Princess of Wales. She works double hours to help a sick girl, dying of the sulphuric fumes in a rubber factory, and at last sacrifices her life to prevent the explosion of a bomb in the hands of a Russian anarchist.

With all its merits—and they are many

* "No. 5 John Street." By Richard Whiteing. New York: The Century Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 315. Price, $1.50.

—the book has serious defects. It reveals the disease, but not the cure. Its tone is one of dismal pessimism. Its message is one not of hope, but of despair. There is a lack of sympathy with the heroic efforts which are being made to lift up the submerged tenth. It is indeed a picture of "Darkest England," but gives no glimpse, as does General Booth, of "The Way Out."

Thank God the Churches are grappling with the problem. The Salvation Army has done more for its solution than they all together. The Methodist Missions and Deaconesses, the Established Church and its Missioners, the Catholic Clergy and Sisters, are all engaged in the tremendous struggle with this tremendous evil,—and by God's blessing they will cleanse this worse than Augean stable.

Much has been already accomplished. Seven Dials has been redeemed. Soho has been greatly improved. Whitechapel is dotted with missions. Dr. Wallace has shown that the sanitary, social, and moral condition of London is incomparably better than it was a hundred years ago. The school boards are educating and often feeding, the slum children. Kitchen gardens, cooking schools, coal clubs, sewing classes, mothers' meetings, and Gospel temperance are working a wonderful reform. Christ has indeed come to London, to Chicago, and to New York in the person of his faithful followers, who, seeing the multitudes, have compassion upon them, are seeking to succour, to shepherd, and to save them, and, thank God, in countless instances with grandest success.

The World's Progress.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

DREYFUS' FAREWELL TO EXILE.

BY GEORGE MARTIN.

Lone island of horror and pain,
  Sad prison of hope and despair,
They have broken the infamous chain
  Whose clanking has whitened my hair.

Have they dragged from its covert the wrong
  That doomed me to exile and shame?
Have they humbled the necks of the strong,
  Whose calumny blackened my name?

I have walked in the shadow of death,
  I have lain 'neath the stars in a tomb,
Inhaling with every breath
  The fever pervading its gloom.

To freedom and honour restored,
  To country and kindred—O God
In my heart I have hidden the sword
  On which in their malice they trod.

I have counted the pitiless days,
  Stretching out to a desert of years:
At last, O at last, shall I gaze
  On her who awaits me in tears?

On her whose devotion has kept
  My soul from revolt against life,
Who has pled for me, prayed for me, wept,
  My more than an angel—my wife.

Farewell to the desolate isle,
  To exile, my couch and my cell,
Never cheered by the light of a smile,
  Thou dismal Gehenna, farewell.

—*Witness.*

Back from Exile.

Another scene in the Dreyfus drama has been enacted. It was quite melodramatic. He was smuggled ashore from the ship which brought him from his place of exile, Devil's Island, in French Guiana, at midnight and amid a fearful storm. The greatest secrecy was observed in transferring him to his prison at Rennes. While a train was kept in waiting at one point he was swiftly borne by another to the suburbs of Rennes, and thence with the utmost stealth conducted to prison, like another Man with the Iron Mask.

In his lonely confinement for four long years in an iron cage at Devil's Island he was treated with the utmost inhumanity. He was put in chains, and, even when suffering from a raging fever, was tortured beneath a glare of light and kept twenty-four hours without water. Worst of all, he was allowed no communication with his home, and was assured that all

Illustrated London News.

THE PRISON OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

his friends, including his devoted wife, had forsaken him. He was guarded on shipboard like a beast of prey.

That faithful, fond Penelope, who had moved heaven and earth for his release, "was almost heart-broken," says a reporter of the scene, "because her husband believed she had not clung to him through evil, as through good, report. It was impossible to imagine the husband's joy when the horrid lies had been neutralized. When asked why he had spent the whole night in reading the documents in the case, he said, 'I am engrossed by the romance of my own life.'" Tardy justice, we may hope, will now be rendered this victim of intrigue, of treachery, of cruel malice.

The Hand of the Jew.

In bringing about this strange revulsion of feeling, it is said, on the authority of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that the hand of the Jew was the concealed instrument. Dreyfus, it is alleged, was the only officer of Jewish blood on the general staff. Anti-Semite hate determined to get rid of him, and led to the forging of a fabric of lies to secure his ruin. The Jewish money-kings, who hold the purse-strings of Europe, espoused his cause. Hence, by concerted action French securities began to fall, and kept falling. As France is the most deeply-indebted nation in Europe, $120 per head,—that of the United States is only $14.20—this threatened national bankruptcy, unless Dreyfus were released. This powerful combination of Jewish millionaires is the guarantee that substantial justice will be done the despised Jew.

The same influence, it is said, put an end to persecution of the Jews in Russia. Russian securities fell 24 points in thirteen days. "Touch another of our people, and not another rouble shall you have to save your empire," said the great Jewish wheatmaster of Odessa to M. de Giers, the Russian premier. The persecution suddenly ceased.

Under Martial Law.

It is not pleasant to read in an American paper that one of the most intelligent and Christian of our cities was under martial law, as though it were some frontier town in the wild west or in turbulent Texas. Yet by the act of a few misguided individuals, that is the report which has gone abroad concerning the good city of London. Public sympathy is almost universally in favour of workingmen endeavouring to secure their rights and to earn more adequate reward for their labour. It is only by keeping strictly within the law that that sympathy

can be maintained. Through the heedless conduct of a few hoodlums the fair fame of the Forest City is besmirched throughout the world. By their reckless acts the city is put to the expense of the conveyance and maintenance of troops, and the reimbursement of all damages. The Union Jack is the symbol of law and order and liberty in every land. Mob rule is utterly subversive of good government and of popular rights. The whole unfortunate strike and its many analogues, and worse riots, throughout the United States, show the need of some court of conciliation or board of arbitration that shall have power to maintain peace and secure justice.

The Capital of the World.

It seems that if the Hague conference cannot secure the reduction of armaments it can at least promote the cause of international arbitration. The appointment of a high court, representing the great powers, to convene at the Hague as occasion demands, would make the little Dutch capital in an important sense the capital of the world. Moral ideas, not forts and fleets and armaments, ultimately rule mankind. Ballots, not bullets, are the real arbiters of fate. The reign of the people in Western Europe and America has come, and even in despotic Russia and Austria is coming. When the popular conscience says war must cease, then, and not till then, will the nations beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. The spread of universal brotherhood and good will will herald the melting of the last cannon, the breaking of the bows, and cutting of the spears in sunder.

The Transvaal.

From this point of view we greatly regret the mobilizing of the forces of a world-wide empire even to exact justice from an obstinate Boer Republic. This surely is a case in which the Concert of Europe might exert a pressure to secure the rights, not merely of Englishmen, but of all the foreign residents in the Transvaal. War upon Kruger would unite the Boers from Krugersdorf to Cape Town, would sow the dragon's teeth from which should spring immedicable hatreds, cruelties and wrongs. We trust that the patient diplomacy of Salisbury will prevail, rather than the aggressive policy of "Pushful Joe." The hint at the need of conscription in England to feed the Moloch of war will be apt to chasten the zeal of the Jingoes.

PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Australian Federation.

The Empire is integrating. The most important step thereto, after the federation of the Canadian provinces, is that of the Australian colonies. The same result which has followed union in Canada will follow a union at the antipodes—a new sense of kinship between the colonies, of nationhood in the federation, and of fealty to the great empire on which the sun never sets.

The Tithes Bill.

Punch has a striking picture of a very clerical-looking crow stealing away with the purse from the chest which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach vainly strives to guard. It is certainly a preposterous demand that the most richly endowed Church in the Empire should, by the Clerical Tithes Bill, seek from the public chest a further endowment of £87,000. This is all the more flagrant as that Church, once national, now represents a minority of the nation. Such grants will be bought too dear if purchased at the cost of self-respect and of the good will of the other Churches.

The Yukon.

The rival cities on the Pacific coast may be very insistent in their claims to

the trade of the Klondike, but the great mass of the people of Canada want only their rights. While firmly maintaining these, we ask no favours as the "spoiled child of the Empire," and British justice, we may be sure, will grant no favours to which we are not entitled. By demanding arbitration in the case of Venezuela the United States is estopped from objecting to it in the case of the Yukon. We may possess our souls in patience, undisturbed by the romance of the New York yellow press as to Canadian aggressiveness.

Dominion Alliance on Prohibition.

The meeting of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Prohibition Alliance at Toronto, on July 11th, gave no uncertain sound on the great question which has for months been agitating the Dominion. It will have the moral support of the Methodist Church in its strong reaffirmation that "nothing short of the total prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes throughout the Dominion can be accepted as a settlement of the liquor question."

It earnestly called upon the Dominion Government for such immediate legislation as would insure such prohibition in the six provinces in the North-West Territory which gave such a large vote and great majority in its favour. It remains now for the temperance electors to strengthen by their ballots in every election the demand of this great representative gathering.

Another significant action of the Alliance was the appeal that the franchise be given to women on the same terms that it is now granted to men. Women suffer more than any men from the woes and sorrows caused by the drink traffic, and their overwhelming vote and influence may be confidently counted on on the side of "God and home and native land." Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., who has so long and so well borne the burden of the presidency of the Ontario Branch of the Alliance, has been succeeded by another temperance stalwart, Rev. Dr. McKay, of Woodstock.

WHEN?

BY AMY PARKINSON.

When will the glorious city of my dreams
  Its gates of gleaming pearl for me unfold?
When shall my feet, on earth so tired that grew,
  Tread all unfalteringly the street of gold?

When shall I come where trees of healing bend
  Their deathless boughs the living stream above?
When shall I listen to the music sweet
  That thrills the glad air of the land I love?

When shall I enter the abode of joy
  Which long ago my Lord prepared for me?
When shall I hear Him call me by my name?
  When will He grant me His dear face to see?

Ah, when?—I cannot tell,—but this I know:
  That, soon or late, as shall for me be best,
The call *will* come,—His face I *shall* behold,—
  And in the city bright I sure shall rest.

Toronto.

"I found him not in world or sun,
  In eagle's wing or insect's eye;
  Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

"If e'er when faith hath fallen asleep
  I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'
  And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

"A warmth within the breast would melt
  The freezing reason's colder part,
  And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

—*Tennyson.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

A Pledge of Success.

The enthusiasm with which the Conferences adopted the plans for the Twentieth Century Fund is a guarantee of the success of this great movement. Without, so far as we know, a single dissenting voice, the laymen and ministers representing our Church from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island strongly endorsed the action of the General Conference. The Church stands pledged to make it a triumphant success. The stirring appeal of the General Superintendent in the present number of the Magazine will ring throughout the Connexion like a clarion call. It is a voice speaking to the people that they go forward. Its marshalled argument, its cogent force, its spiritual unction and power, will come home to every earnest soul.

The great duty of the Church in approaching this grand movement is consecration and prayer. It is no light task to which we are committed. It is far beyond anything we have yet attempted. There are, of course, difficulties in the way. There are obstacles to be overcome. But there is nothing to cause doubt or dismay. We may go up and possess the goodly land of the future. We may enter upon the grandest inheritance ever granted any church or nation in the trust and fear of the Lord, for in His might we be well able.

The need of this fund for our colleges and Superannuation Fund is all the greater on account of the enormous declines in the rate of interest of their university endowments. The friends of these institutions will do well to bear this in mind in making the allotment of their donations.

The Presbyterian Church.

We shall have goodly companionship in this work. Our sister Presbyterian Church has heard the same call from God, and is responding in a like spirit of consecrated zeal. A writer in the *Westminster* says: "In the old days when the fiery cross went round the glens, no one of the clan held back, though it was a call to venture life or limb for some quarrel that was not very well understood. Shall we hold back now, when it is for the greatest of causes, and when we are asked only to do a little for him who did all for us? The man who is not ready to do his part is a traitor, and we would be well rid of him."

The ministers of that Church are nobly responding to this appeal. They are taking, as they should, the leadership of this movement. Though less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the membership, they have pledged themselves to raise one-tenth of this great sum, and Dr. Warden, secretary-treasurer of the Missionary Fund of that Church, leads the phalanx with a subscription of $5,000.

The prosperity of our Presbyterian friends is always cause for rejoicing among the hosts of Methodism. They are our best allies in the holy war against all sin and the man of sin, and we are ever ready to join with them in a perpetual league and covenant for the promotion of Christ's crown and kingdom. They reported at their General Assembly at Hamilton a membership of 212,026, and total contributions for the year of $2,511,789. The missionary enterprises of the Church were shown to be in a most encouraging condition, $106,169.74 having been collected for home missions, and $175,222.81 for foreign missions. The Christian Endeavour Societies showed a falling off both in organizations and membership, but the Sunday-schools an increase of 172 teachers and 5,871 scholars. "A warning note on the growth of Mormonism in the Canadian Northwest," says the *Outlook*, "was sounded by Rev. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions, who saw reason for alarm in the earnest propagation of these views by teachers and prophets from Utah and Montana."

The Good Templars' Jubilee.

The Jubilee of the Order of Good Templars, held at Toronto in July, furnishes a landmark by which to measure the progress of temperance sentiment in the community. Fifty years ago this Order sprang from very small beginnings in the United States. It has spread into all English-speaking lands, girdling the globe with its bonds of brotherhood. Deputies from the Old World, from the far antipodes, from almost every part of Christendom, reported the marked pro-

gress of this great reform, and the bright outlook for the coming century—the century which will witness the greatest moral conflict the world has ever seen, the conflict between the organized aggressive and selfish forces of Mammon and unrighteousness against the armies of light and righteousness. But in this great Armageddon already may be foreseen on which side the victory shall fall,

> For right is right while God is God,
> And right the day must win;
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin.

Catching the inspiration of the times, the Order of Good Templars resolved to raise a million dollar fund for the propagation in all lands of its great principles of temperance and brotherhood, of succour and salvation of the lost.

A Moral Rinderpest.

It is gratifying to note that the Conferences, with more pronounced emphasis than ever before, have spoken out loudly and strongly against the political corruption which, unless it be checked, threatens the very life of our representative institutions. The facts revealed in our courts of the bribery and corruption connected with some recent elections is enough to make a patriotic Canadian hang his head with shame. Both political parties are besmirched with this stain. Men of unquestioned personal honour have suffered from the unworthy acts of their agents. The following words of the Nova Scotia Conference in denouncing this crime against the nation are not a whit too strong:

"Whereas, we cannot expect a Holy God to bless us with the revival which we hope will close the present and usher in the twentieth century as long as the accursed thing is amongst us, and we stand in any other relation to this public crime than that of brave and consistent protestation against it:

"Be it resolved, that as a Conference we set our faces against this evil in every form, and recommend the following practical methods for producing in the country a higher conception of the duties of Christian citizenship.

"That we preach sermons dealing specifically with this evil, especially before election campaigns open, and urge our people to free themselves, and to do all in their power to free their respective political parties, from complicity in this crime against free citizenship."

We believe that the penalty of disfranchisement for eight years may be inflicted for this abuse of the franchise. We hope that trials may be pressed to an ultimate issue, and that judges will inflict the full penalty of the law till this moral rinderpest is stamped out.

Remarkable Religious Movement in France.

A Methodist exchange says: "The *Methodist Times*, of London, brings intelligence of a most remarkable religious movement in France; which is nothing less than the breaking away of hundreds and thousands of priests and people from the Roman Catholic Church. The Abbe Bourrier, the leader of the movement, was invited to London, and was Mr. Percy F. Bunting's guest for a week. The Abbe accepted an invitation to return to London during the sitting of the British Wesleyan Conference in July, and attend a meeting of the ministers, and address them on the subject.

"It is believed that, when the movement has been properly developed, four or five thousand Romish priests will be found in it. Hundreds have already committed themselves, and are preaching a pure and simple gospel. This is its character—a revival of pure religion, and the abandonment of the corruptions of the papacy. The Romish hierarchy does not seem able so far to stem the tide. So good and pure a man is the Abbe Bourrier that his former associates have not adopted their usual methods of scurrilous attack; they still treat him with respect.

"A paper has been started in the interest of a new Reformation, which is said to have not fewer than fifteen hundred subscribers among the priests, a number of whom are attending the lectures of Protestant professors of theology."

How the Sabbath is Broken.

A few years ago such a thing as ferry steamers running to the Toronto Island on Sunday was unknown. They were gradually introduced; first, we believe, on the plea that the people living at the island might come over to the city to attend church. A firm hand in maintaining the sanctity of the Sabbath then might have prevented the outbreak of Sabbath desecration with which we are threatened. A recent Monday paper states that ten thousand persons, on the previous Sunday evening, witnessed the

representation of the "Passion Play" at Hanlan's the night before.

This Passion Play, it must be remembered, is a theatrical representation of the crucifixion of our Lord. It was enacted by the peasant people of Ober-Ammergau once in ten years as a thank-offering for deliverance from a pestilence. It has degenerated into an annual show in several places in Europe, to which excursion trains are run for the accommodation of an irreverent mob of tourists. The attempt was made to introduce the Passion Play at New York, but even the very lax conscience of the authorities of that city would not tolerate it. Yet the kinetoscope reproduces the representation of the sacred scene in a very realistic and lifelike manner.

What might have been pardoned in an unsophisticated and pious peasantry has become a magic-lantern show for any one who will pay ten cents to cross the ferry. The managers, of course, are not allowed to charge admission for a Sunday entertainment. Oh, no! But ten thousand ten cents brings the ferry people a thousand dollars. The most sacred event in the history of the world is exhibited in the great amphitheatre where people gather on other days to see baseball and lacrosse matches. We protest earnestly against such a desecration of the Sabbath, such a degradation of art, such a demoralization of the people!

Death of Senator Sanford.

Canadian Methodism has sustained a serious loss by the death of two of its most distinguished lay members. The tragedy by which Senator Sanford was called in a moment from time into eternity profoundly stirred the whole community. It recalls the similar fate which befell some years ago another leading layman of the Methodist Church, Mr. Robert Wilkes, who, with his two children, were drowned at Sturgeon Point. Senator Sanford was a man of very genial character. He possessed the art of making and retaining friends. He was a man who devised liberal things for the benefit of the suffering poor. He was a warm supporter of the Sanitarium for Consumptives at Gravenhurst, and provided generous hospitality for the sick poor at the Summer Sanitarium of Elsinore, near Hamilton. He was the founder of our Chinese Mission at Victoria, and the generous supporter of that and many other of our church enterprises.

As an illustration of the kindly thought and gracious hospitality dispensed by Mr. and Mrs. Sanford may be mentioned the fact that, during the meeting of the General Conference at Hamilton, they entertained, in turn, every one of its members, ministerial and lay. We were brought intimately into contact with Mr. Sanford, when connected with the Ladies' College at Hamilton, and can bear testimony to the kindly interest shown to both teachers and scholars of that institution.

Senator Sanford was a man of remarkable business ability, and, by his energy and enterprise, built up from small beginnings, one of the largest commercial enterprises of the Dominion. The charities of the city of Hamilton, and benevolences of our Church, have lost a warm friend by his death.

Dr. J. E. Graham.

Dr. J. E. Graham was one of the foremost members of the medical profession in Canada. He was the first Canadian physician to retire from general practice, and devote himself exclusively to medical consultation. He supplemented a singularly successful student career in Canada by prolonged post-graduate studies in London and Vienna. No man ever held higher rank in the esteem of the profession, of the general public, and of the Christian Church.

Rev. Mr. Kobayashi.

At the Mission Rooms, word has been received from Japan that an earnest and trusted worker, Rev. Mr. Kobayashi, who had charge of the Azabu Church, Tokyo, is dead. He will be remembered as the uncle of a young man of the same name, who was educated in this city, and returned to do work in Japan about five years ago.

We are glad to see some old-fashioned Methodist usages adopted by our Presbyterian friends. In the city of Detroit a union revival service of several churches has been held for some weeks. Its characteristics were hearty singing, faithful exposition, fervent appeal, earnest prayer. The result has been crowded meetings, quickening of believers, conversion of sinners. In some of our Canadian cities similar services have been held in which the Presbyterians and Methodists have heartily worked together for the promotion of a religious revival.

THE CAMBRIDGE MILTON.*

It is fitting that the standard edition of the Cambridge poet of Old England should issue from the Cambridge press of New England. This is in every way an admirable presentation of the poetical works of the bard of "Paradise Lost." The critical and bibliographic notes and illustrations leave nothing to be desired. Few poets need such copious annotation. Milton's vast and various learning, not without a tinge of pedantry, makes explanatory notes a necessity to most readers. The volume contains some supplementary Greek, Latin, and Italian poems which we have not met in any other edition, as well as idiomatic translations of the early Latin poems which throw such light upon Milton's personal history. An etching of the poet and of his home at Chalfont embellish the book.

The brief biography is a model in its way—sympathetic yet critical, sufficiently appreciative, yet not blind to his faults, it nothing extenuates, yet sets down nothing in malice. The writer reminds us that in Milton's childhood Shakespeare and "rare Ben Jonson" were still alive. He is the link that unites the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, with their atmosphere of young romance, and the graver, more austere Puritanism of the Protectorate. Milton's youth was singularly sweet and sheltered. In the cloistered seclusion of Christ Church College his spirit first awakened to its consciousness of power. His almost feminine beauty, his fastidiousness in manners and morals, procured him the title of "the Lady of his College." But even his early poems had a virility akin to Shakespeare's self. In one of his college Latin poems he declares that "he who would sing great themes of wars, of pious leaders half-divine, must be chaste and pure, his manners strict, his hands without stain. He shall be like a priest shining in sacred vestment, washed with lustral waters, who goes up to make augury before the jealous gods. He ought himself to be a true poem. . . . Not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

The "Hymn on the Nativity," written when the poet was only twenty-one, Hallam considers perhaps the finest ode in the English tongue. "The language gathers a kingly confidence of rhythm and phrase, a shadowed but triumphant music, like the chanting of young seraphs awestruck at their theme,—which were altogether new in English verse:"

> No war, or battail's sound,
> Was heard the world around;
> The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
> The hookèd chariot stood,
> Unstained with hostile blood;
> The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
> And kings sat still with awful eye,
> As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

In the twin poems, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, says Mark Pattison, Milton for the last time spoke in the free, joyous spirit of an age which was passing away forever. His "Lycidas" is described by Mr. Pattison as the high-water mark, not only of Milton's genius, but of English lyric poetry. Inspired, like Tennyson's "In Memoriam," by the death of a college friend, it anticipates some of the loftiest thoughts of Tennyson's greatest poem. What poetry lost English prose gained in Milton's controversial writings—the most virile and masterful in the language. The "Areopagitica," or plea for the liberty of the press, still stirs the soul like a trumpet.

Milton was wooing the muse beneath Italian skies, sauntering in Val d'Arno and leafy Fiesole, when the Civil War summoned him, if not to take up a sword in the time of his country's need, "to lay at her feet the most eloquent pen in Europe."

On the return of the Stuarts Milton's "Defence of the English People" was burnt by royal proclamation, and the body of Cromwell was turned out of its grave in Westminster and gibbeted in ghastly mockery at Tyburn. In blindness, in solitude, in silence, the poet meditated the great theme on which he had dreamed for a score of years, and, like another blind bard, the wanderer of Chios, wrote in stately verse one of the world's few undying epics. But how incomparably nobler is Milton's theme than that of Achilles' wrath and the fall of Ilium,—to

> "Assert Eternal Providence
> And justify the ways of God to man."

* "The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton." Cambridge edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. xxxiv–417. Price, $2.00.

PAPIAS AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.,

Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

How we would like to know more of Papias (ob. 160), and accompany him, when with docility and faith he sought from any who listened to the apostles and to "Aristion and John the Elder," the things concerning the Kingdom. We know nothing of his writings until Irenæus of Gaul (fl. 180), and Eusebius (ob. 340), give us the few fragments that remain from this important witness of the second century, fragments that could easily be printed on one page of this magazine. Irenæus says he was a companion of Polycarp (ob. 155), and a disciple of John the Apostle, but Eusebius denies this, and says he was a disciple of "John the Elder," and not of John the Apostle. This "John the Elder" haunts us like a ghost in our ramblings through the early part of the second century. Who was he? No one knows, and of his existence we would be ignorant were it not for Papias. Meyer regards him as the author of the Apocalypse whose style is so inferior to that of the fourth Gospel. The fragments of Papias just referred to are parts of five books entitled "An Explanation of the Oracles of our Lord." Some mediæval allusions are made to these books, which encourage the hope that the full text may yet be discovered.

Prof. Hall, of Cambridge, Boston, with much learning and interest uses the fragments of Papias in discussing the origin of the Synoptic Gospels. He also employs the testimony of eight other similar witnesses, beginning with Clement of Rome (fl. 95), and ending with the Gospel by Peter, whose text was discovered in unearthing old Coptic graves on the Nile in 1886. "The learned doctors," Justin and Marcion, likewise of the second century, are called to the stand—Justin the scholarly layman, and philosopher, and Marcion, the agitator, the hater of Judaism, the mutilator of the Gospels and the worshipper of Paul. The credibility of the last witness, however, may well be disputed, except as attesting the existence and recognition of the very books he sought to destroy.

There is much in this work of great interest aimed at illustrating the genesis in a natural way of the Synoptic Gospels, and suggesting what Renan has said as to how every believer would have his own copy of the Christian memoirs, to which he could add any precious word or incident he might glean from any one else. We must demur, however, to the implication that the early Christian literature was in an absolutely nebulous state without form and void until brought into order by ecclesiastical intervention. It is true that up to the Council of Carthage, 397, the Canon, like the Apostle's Creed then, and in later times, was a beautiful sample of literary and sacred formation, a thing of growth, whose very life gave it permanence with or without conciliary action.

There was, however, definiteness of recognition of the sacred books in the second century, much more than the author allows. He uses for example incorrect citation to prove the absence of such recognition. Clement of Rome, writing A.D. 95, quotes for instance a medley from different gospels as if from one author, and this is given as proof, not of the recognized existence of Matthew, etc., but only of some unknown collation of Christian reminiscences. With our sadly inaccurate quotations, even now in the nineteenth century, after the Bible Societies have flooded the world with the sacred text, we surely ought to make some allowance for inexactness in the second century. Perhaps in these very cases exact quotation was not attempted, and there are scores of quotations which are exact.

The Old Testament Canon is now subject to serious attack from radical criticism, and is in peril of disintegration, just as was the New Testament fifty years ago; but these old assaults upon the New Testament have long since ceased with all issues settled in favour of the Christian Canon, and with patristic and documentary evidence in its defence stronger to-day than ever. It is too late now to try and envelop the second century with clouds of uncertainty as to the existence and recognition then of our Christian Scriptures.

The same nebulous condition which the author thinks he discovers as to the Synoptic Gospels, he attributes also to the fourth Gospel, and as well to the general theological position of the early Church, giving to Marcion and to Enosticism and to Chiliasm a prevailing influence not warranted by facts.

* "Papias and His Contemporaries," by Prof. Edward H. Hall. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1899.

IN THE KLONDIKE.*

THE CHILKOOT PASS.

From "In the Klondike," Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is extraordinary the way in which an almost unknown region within the Arctic Circle became in a few weeks famed throughout the civilized world. The dramatic events which accompanied the discovery of gold in California and Australia were repeated in the Yukon territory. Mr. Palmer's book gives a very graphic account of his winter journey in 1898 over the Chilkoot Pass, and his adventures in the northern Eldorado.

* "In the Klondike." Including an Account of a Winter's Journey to Dawson. By Frederick Palmer. Illustrated. Pp. x-218. Price, $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

It is a very picturesque narrative, told with much vivacity.

Mr. Palmer started with a few companions and a number of dogs, and carried four hundred pounds of food and bedding, and seven hundred pounds of food for the dogs—for the dogs must be fed whether the men were or not. The difficulties of the pass can scarcely be exaggerated. Steps were cut in the snow, making it a case of walking upstairs rather than climbing. Fifty pounds was the usual weight of a pack. One Indian carried a barrel weighing three hundred and fifty pounds. A Swede crawled up on his knees, with three six-by-four timbers strapped on his back. On the summit, hundreds of pilgrims' outfits were buried beneath seventy feet of snow. The writer of this narrative caught a severe cold, and his legs "ached like two great teeth."

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

From "In the Klondike." Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribners' Sons.

Of over eighty thousand pilgrims, over half turned back overcome by the difficulties of travel. In some cases their minds were affected by their hardships and disasters. Some died from fatigue and cold. One boy of seventeen had to lose his frozen feet to save his life. Yet the attraction of the yellow dust made men forget their hardships.

Although some thousands left Dawson on the eve of the winter, yet flour rose to $2 a pound, and a meal of bacon, beans and coffee cost $2.50. Lumber was $250 a thousand. A bed in a bunk house cost $2.50 a night, or a room with a cloth partition, $10. Champagne was $30 a bottle.

A Seattle settler imported two hundred dozen nominally fresh eggs, for which he received $3,600 in less than an hour after he landed—$18 a dozen. In a few days they fell to $4 a dozen. A single newspaper, soiled with bacon grease, was bought for $15, and its lucky owner read the news of Dewey's victory to an audience of three hundred and fifty, which packed the hall, at $1 apiece. A five-cent bottle of ink cost $1; a summer hat, $20 to $40; canned oysters, $5 a pint; moccasins, $15 a pair. Oxen, used for packing freight over the pass, sold for $700 or $800 at Dawson. Gambling was rife. Jack Smith, a famous gambler, bet $7,000 on the turn of a card.

The author pays a high tribute to the maintenance of law and order by the Mounted Police, none of whom, however, had mounts. Most of the claim owners thought nothing of sending several thousand dollars in gold by their employees, unaccompanied, to be deposited in one of the Commercial Company's stores.

It is strange to read that in this Arctic region the summer heat rose to one hundred and ten degrees. Very wisely, the Canadian Government provided that every pilgrim entering territory must have eleven hundred pounds, or a year's supply, of food. In 1898, he adds, the pilgrims must have spent from thirty million to forty million dollars on outfits and transportation. The output of gold during the year was eleven million dollars. Three-fourths of the miners and adventurers were Americans, and were naturally opposed to the ten per cent. royalty. Captain Constantine, of the police force, says Mr. Palmer, even the lawless ones admitted, was honest and incorruptible. "Too much cannot be said," he adds, "in praise of the personnel of the Mounted Police,

mounted only in name, for they have not a single horse in the Klondike." He contrasts the order and promptness of British justice at Dawson with the lawlessness of Skaguay.

The book gives a vivid picture of pioneer life in the Canadian Arctic, which Canadian Methodism and the other Churches are endeavouring to pre-empt for the Kingdom of God. It is a tremendous fight with the saloons, dance halls, and gambling dens, where swarm the social parasites that infest such an elemental community. The book is admirably illustrated by twenty-eight half-tones, of which we present examples.

Book Notices.

John Ruskin, Social Reformer. By J. A. Hobson. With portrait. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Most persons think of Ruskin chiefly as a great art critic, as the high priest and interpreter of nature. But his grandest title to our love and homage is his high purpose to serve humanity on the moral and religious plane. The writer of this volume well says: "Mr. Ruskin will rank as the greatest social teacher of his age, not merely because he has told the largest number of important truths upon the largest variety of vital matters, in language of penetrative force, but because he has made the most powerful and the most felicitous attempt to grasp and to express, as a comprehensive whole, the needs of a human society and the processes of social reform. . . It may be justly said that he has done more than any other Englishman to compel people to realize the nature of the social problem in its wider related issues affecting every department of work and life, and to enforce the supreme moral obligation confronting it."

Mr. Hobson gives first a graphic account of the formative influences of Ruskin's early life. He then traces his transference of his studies from art to social reform. He reiterates his forceful indictment of the current political economy and sets forth his own high moral theories, his arraignment of the competitive system, his noble ideals of the true social order.

A great deal of far-fetched humour has been expended on Mr. Ruskin's views on machinery and industrial towns, his hatred of the desecration of the lovely seclusions of nature by railways and flaring advertisements of "Sunlight Soap." But his lofty ideals have already largely affected the community, and led to a greater love of nature and reverence for beauty.

Though a born aristocrat, "a good old Tory," as he says, he has exhibited a passionate desire to elevate and improve the condition of the workingman. To this end he devoted ten thousand pounds of his own money for the establishment of the St. George's Guild for workingmen at Sheffield. The following is in part the creed of this Guild:

I. "I trust in the living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures, visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work. And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and seek His work while I live.

II. "I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

III. "I will labour, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hands find to do I will do with all my might.

IV. "I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

VI. "I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into all the higher powers of duty and happiness."

Mr. Hobson's book accomplishes the useful task of bringing the teachings of Ruskin on social reform which are scattered throughout his many works into a well-arranged sequence in one handy volume.

Ontario Historical Society Papers and Records. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 140. Toronto: William Briggs.

We are glad to observe the increasing evidences of the historical investigation in Canada. One of these is the organ-

ization of the Ontario Historical Society, and another is the admirably printed volume under review. There must be many important documents, old letters, papers and the like, lumbering up the attics of the U. E. Loyalist and old Canadian families. These are in danger of becoming the prey of mice or mould, and of being irretrievably lost. The Historical Society contemplates the preservation and classifying of such documents. They will furnish invaluable material for writing the history of our country. Much credit is due to the indefatigable president of the society, James H. Coyne, B.A., of St. Thomas, and to the secretary of the Editorial Committee, Mr. C. C. James, M.A., for the preparation of this influential volume.

Without Dogma. By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Author of "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," etc. Crown 8vo. Cloth, $1.25, paper, 75 cents. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company, Limited.

"What Wagner did for Germany in music, what Dumas did for France, and Scott for all English-speaking people, the great Pole has achieved for his own country in literature." In "Without Dogma," the chief interest centres in a single character. This is not a battle between contending armies, but the greater conflict that goes on in silence,—the battle of a man for his own soul. He regards himself as a nineteenth-century Hamlet, and for him not merely the times, but his race and all mankind, are out of joint. The author is best known by his striking tale "Quo Vadis." The worst of these Polish tales is the atrocious proper names, which no man can spell and which no man can pronounce.

The Taming of the Jungle. By Dr. C. W. DOYLE. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

The writer of this book is not Dr. Conan Doyle, though the vivid sketches of Indian life are worthy of his pen. The writer lived for a dozen years in India, has a warm sympathy with the children of the jungle, and gives us a vivid insight into their life, habits of thought, their native virtues and abject superstitions. The masterful and high-handed courage of the British civilians helps us to understand how a handful of men of Saxon blood can dominate millions of the sons of the jungle. These are a primitive people, with hot passions, deadly hates and quick revenge, loyal to their traditions, and loyal, too, to their Feringi rulers from beyond the sea.

John and His Friends. A Series of Revival Sermons by LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D., Pastor First M. E. Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Cloth, 12mo. 347 pp. Gilt top. Price, $1.50. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is the fourth volume of the series of revival sermons by Dr. Louis Albert Banks. It is a companion to the preceding volumes, "Christ and His Friends," "The Fisherman and His Friends," and "Paul and His Friends." Revival literature has seldom, if ever, received so large a contribution from one man. A very gracious revival of religion was awakened by the delivery of these sermons, and a large number of persons were converted and received into the Church as the result. The other volumes of this series have received such a wide-spread welcome throughout the English-speaking world that it is believed that the present volume will be at least as valuable as any that have gone before it in suggestive and illustrative material, for all those who count it their greatest joy in life to win souls to Christ.

Report of the North-West Mounted Police, 1898. Printed by order of Parliament. 8vo, pp. 468. Price, 40 cents. Ottawa: S. E. Dawson, Printer to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

We are justly proud of our army of peace. It has won golden opinions for the maintenance of order by a mere handful of men over an area nearly as large as the whole of Europe. Over and over again, two or three men have gone into a camp of hostile Indians, arrested some desperado, and handed him over to the civil authorities for trial. In the wild region of the Klondike, they have made the British flag respected by outlaws from many lands. This volume of 468 pages will well repay study, especially the reports on the Northern Patrols and on the Yukon Territory. We hope to make it the subject of more detailed notice in a later issue. It is illustrated by numerous photo-engravings, some of them printed in colour.

A STREET SCENE IN ANTWERP.